MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

October

No. 24

10¢

BACK COMES THE DREADED RED SKULL

BACK FROM THE REALM OF DEFEAT---CRYING FOR REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY!---WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE STRANGE, LOW WHISTLE....THAT IS ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY GRIM DEATH?

CAPTAIN AMERICA DARES TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST TERRIFYING CREATION OF DESTRUCTION EVER INVENTED BY the RED SKULL IN THE SPINE-CHILLING MYSTERY OF the WHISTLING DEATH---

JUST ONE OF THE MANY SMASH-ACTION FILLED CASES FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA IN THE Next ISSUE of

CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS

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M-24

NAME AND ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

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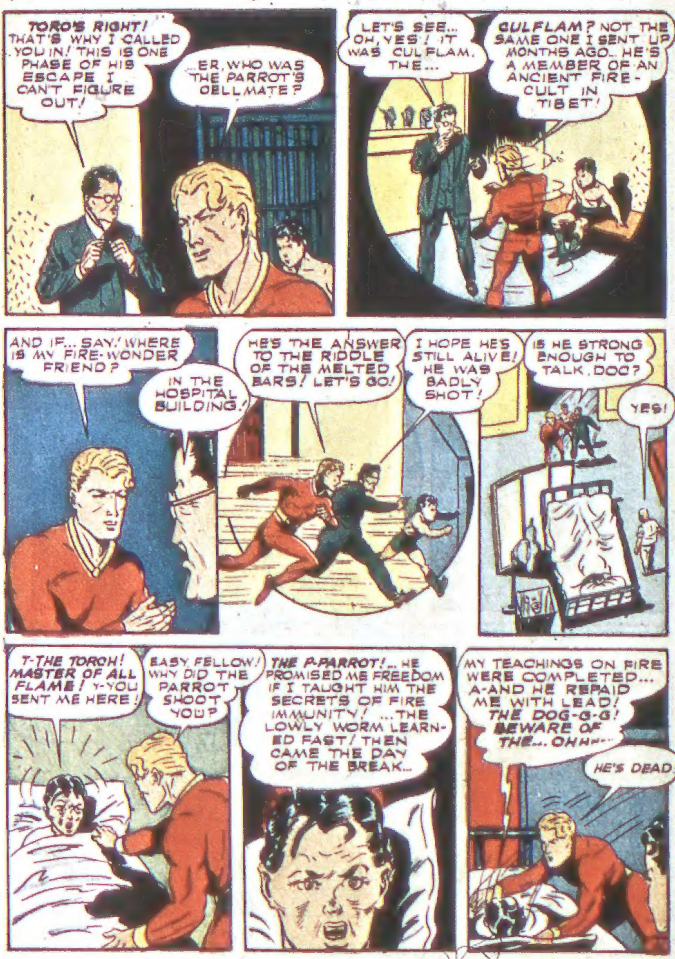
HUMAN TORCH and TARA
MEET THE PARROT
AT STATE PRISON, GUARDS ATOP THE WALL OPEN FIRE, AS A LONE FIGURE PLUNGES INTO THE MOAT.
WHEN THE TORCH PLACED THE PARROT ABOARD THE 'PRISON SPECIAL,' HE BELIEVED THE CRIMINAL WAS FINISHED! BUT, THE PARROT HAD OTHER PLANS...AND SO, INTO ANOTHER BLAZING TORCH ADVENTURE!
BY CARL BURGOS

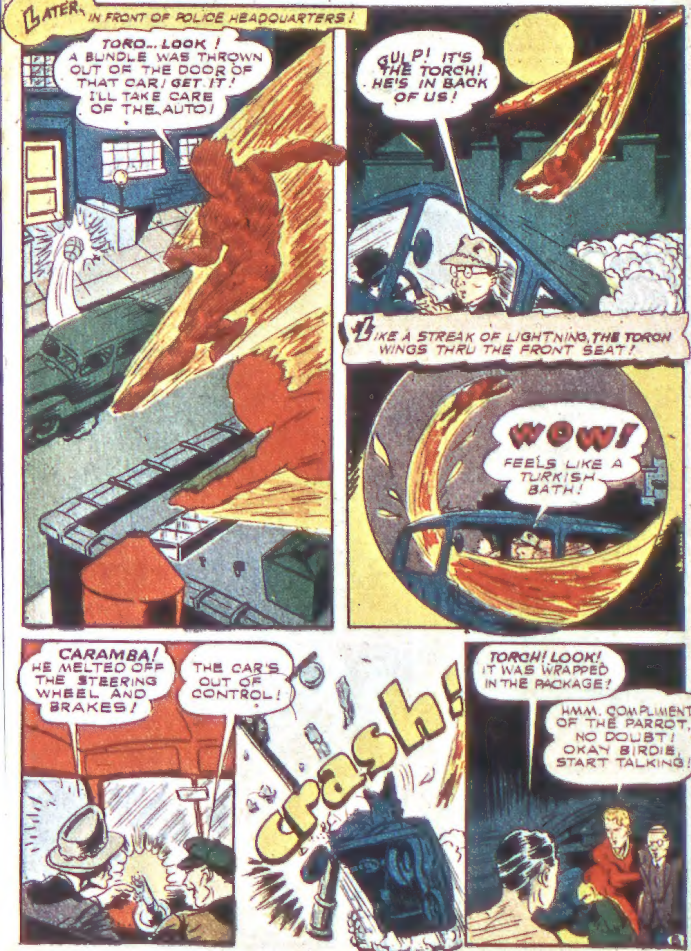
COMIC ART COLLECTION

WARDEN! THE PARROT! HE ESCAPED OVER THE WALL!
WHAT? HE CAN'T GET FAR BY WATER... THE CURRENT'S TOO STRONG BUT—
...BOB! SEND OUT A FIVE-STATE ALARM! I WANT THE PARROT BROUGHT IN, DEAD OR ALIVE!
CLICK!
THE WALL IS ON THE RIVER-SIDE... THERE MAY BE A CHANCE TO CATCH HIM YET! LET'S GO TO THE DOCK!
RIGHT!
GET THAT BOAT STARTED! WE'RE GOING AFTER THE PARROT!
HURRY, TOM!
TARNATION! HE'S JUST VANISHED!
FOG'S ROLLING IN!
WHILE ABOARD THE ESCAPING CRAFT...
THIS SOUP'S SO THICK... YOU CAN'T SEE AN INCH AHEAD!
WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR BOAT!
THE SOUND'S FADING!
MIGHT AS WELL HEAD BACK... WE'LL NEVER SPOT THEM IN THIS SCREEN!
...AND AS A FAMOUS SHOWMAN ONCE SAID, "THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!"

LATER... INSIDE INSPECTOR RILEY'S PRIVATE OFFICE...
WARDEN THOMAS JUST CALLED! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!
LET'S GO, TORO!
WITH THEIR BODIES ABLAZE, TORCH AND TORO MELT THRU THE WINDOW AND SOAR INTO THE SKY!
BLASTDING IT! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M GOING TO BILL YOU FOR ALL THE WINDOWS YOU BOYS MELTED!
... SO LONG, RILEY!
WE'VE TRAVELLED A LONG WAY, TORCH! BUT THERE'S THE PRISON!
WE'LL SOON KNOW WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!
THE FLAME-MASTERS PLUMMET FROM THE SKY, AND LAND INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS!
HELLO, CHIEFIE!
TORCH! TORO! ..YOU GOT HERE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, WARDEN? IS IT ABOUT THE PARROT?
OF COURSE... FOLLOW ME! BY THE WAY, TORCH, HIS ESCAPE WILL PROVE MOST INTERESTING TO YOU!
WE'LL SEE!
LOOK!
JUMPIN' FIRES! THE BARS ARE MELTED!!
YES! AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR WORK, TORCH!


TORCH'S RIGHT! THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU IN! THIS IS ONE PHASE OF HIS ESCAPE I CAN'T FIGURE OUT!
ER, WHO WAS THE PARROT'S CELLMATE?
LET'S SEE... OH, YES! IT WAS CULFLAM, THE...
CULFLAM? NOT THE SAME ONE I SENT UP MONTHS AGO.. HE'S A MEMBER OF AN ANCIENT FIRE-CULT IN TIBET!
AND IF... SAY! WHERE IS MY FIRE-WONDER FRIEND?
IN THE HOSPITAL BUILDING!
HE'S THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THE MELTED BARS! LET'S GO!
I HOPE HE'S STILL ALIVE! HE WAS BADLY SHOT!
IS HE STRONG ENOUGH TO TALK, DOC?
YES!
T-THE TORCH! MASTER OF ALL FLAME! Y-YOU SENT ME HERE!
EASY, FELLOW! WHY DID THE PARROT SHOOT YOU?
THE P-PARROT!... HE PROMISED ME FREEDOM IF I TAUGHT HIM THE SECRETS OF FIRE IMMUNITY! ...THE LOWLY WORM LEARNED FAST! THEN CAME THE DAY OF THE BREAK...
MY TEACHINGS ON FIRE WERE COMPLETED... A-AND HE REPAID ME WITH LEAD! THE DOG-G-G! BEWARE OF THE... OHHH...
HE'S DEAD!

WHAT DO YOU THINK HE MEANT?
DON'T KNOW YET! BUT ONE THING IS SURE—
THE PARROT KNOWS HOW TO CONTROL FIRE! ..AN INTELLECTUAL CRIMINAL, IMMUNE TO FIRE, SPELLS TROUBLE!
SURE WISH I KNEW WHAT CUL FLAM TRIED TO WARN US OF!
TIME WILL TELL!
THAT MOMENT IN AN ABANDONED SEWER SECTION IN NEW YORK CITY...
HO! HO! YOU SEE, MY LITTLE PLAN CAN'T FAIL! EVEN THE TORCH WILL BE SURPRISED! -GUESS I'LL COPY DR. SMART'S TECHNIQUE! LUTHER, SEND TORCHY AN INVITATION...
AT ONCE, PARROT!
WAIT! GUESS I'LL MAKE THE INVITE MORE PERSONAL!
YOU, MY UGLY PET, SHALL BE THE MESSENGER... NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY!
FASTER, TORO! WITH THE PARROT ON THE LOOSE, THERE'S NO TELLING...
SHUCKS! AREN'T YOU TAKING THE BIG BABOON TOO SERIOUSLY?


LATER, IN FRONT OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
TORO... LOOK! A BUNDLE WAS THROWN OUT OF THE DOOR OF THAT CAR! GET IT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE AUTO!
GULP! IT'S THE TORCH! HE'S IN BACK OF US!
LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, THE TORCH WINGS THRU THE FRONT SEAT!
WOW! FEELS LIKE A TURKISH BATH!
CARAMBA! HE MELTED OFF THE STEERING WHEEL AND BRAKES!
THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!
crash!
TORCH! LOOK! IT WAS WRAPPED IN THE PACKAGE!
HMM. COMPLIMENTS OF THE PARROT. NO DOUBT! OKAY BIRDIE, START TALKING!

CULFLAM WAS A GOOD TEACHER! HE TAUGHT ME A LOT! BY THE WAY, DO YOU LIKE OPERA? WELL, I DO! SO LONG, FIREWORM!

OPERA? OPERA?

OPERA... YEOW! TO-NIGHT'S OPENING NIGHT! NOW I KNOW WHAT THE PARROT'S UP TO!

HUH?

TORO, WE'RE GOING TO THE OPERA TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE COSMOPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, SINGERS, MUSICIANS, AND STAGE-HANDS FILE IN BACK-STAGE...

OKAY, YOU MUSICIANS, DRESSIN' ROOM FOUR, AN' NO SMOKIN' BACK-STAGE!

HAH! THE DOOR KEEPER THINKS WE'RE PLAYERS! IF THE FOOL ONLY KNEW I AM THE PARROT, AND THESE MY ASSOCIATES!

ME ME ME ME

...WHILE AT THE BOX-OFFICE.

QUITE A CROWD, EH TORO?

AND WHAT JEWELS! THERE'S ABOUT $ MILLION WORTH DRAPED ON THESE WOMEN!

CARMEN!

HELLO, TOMMY... ARE YOUR MEN IN POSITION?

JUST AS YOU ORDERED, TORCH!

OKAY TORO, LET'S GO INSIDE!

CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING BETTER, HANDSOME!

ONCE INSIDE, LIGHTS DIM, AND THE SHOW IS ON!

THE PARROT'S BALMY IF HE THINKS HE CAN MAKE A HAUL HERE!

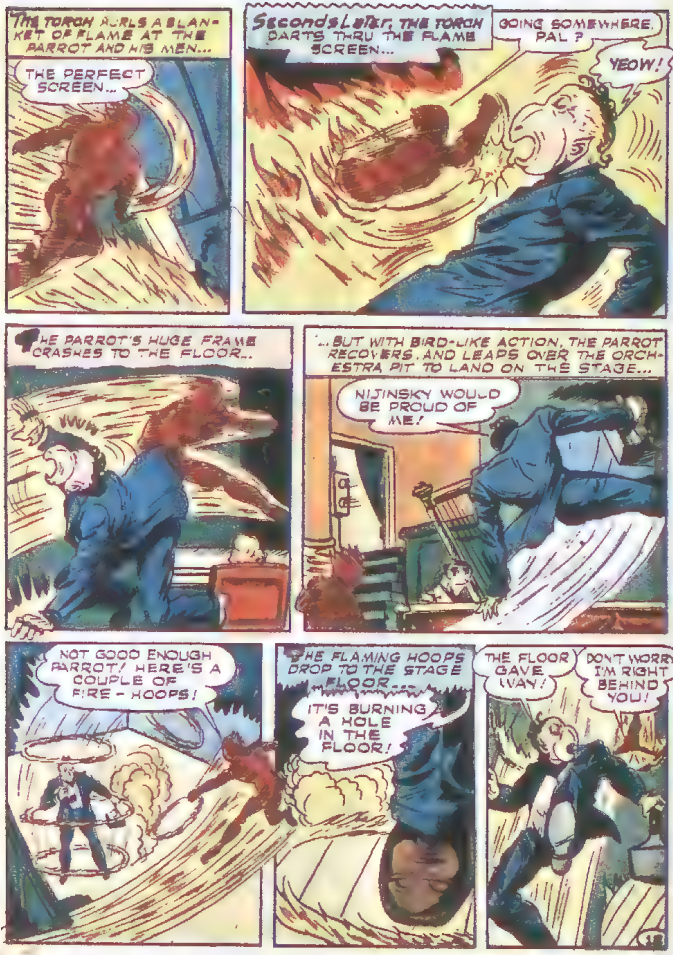
QUIET, TORO!

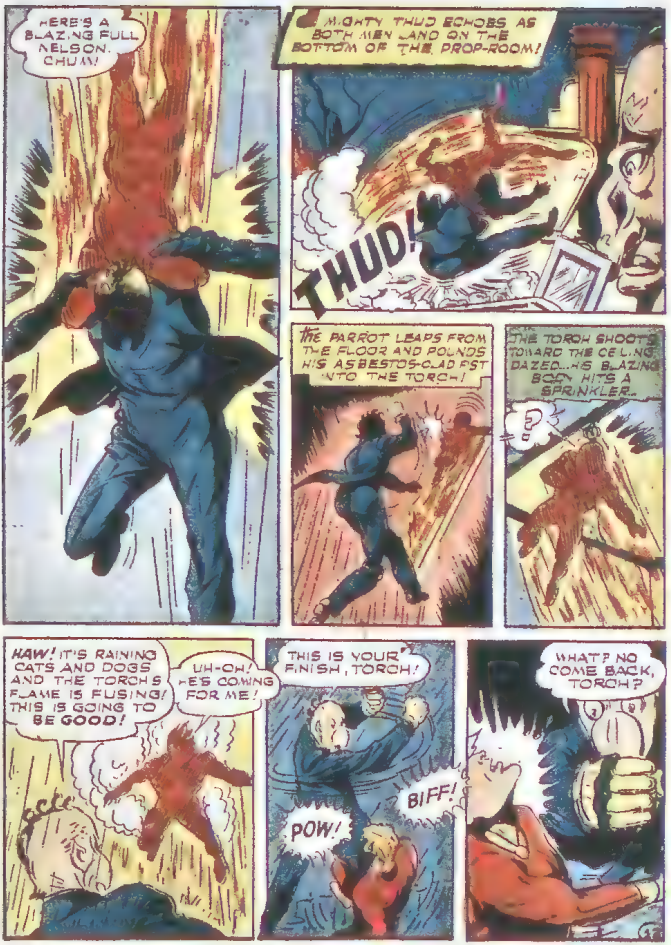
While, Backstage...
HURRY... SCATTER TO YOUR POSITIONS!
RIGHT, PARROT!
The PARROT'S MEN RUSH UP INTO THE WINGS...
NOW, WAIT FOR MY SIGNAL!
IN THE AUDIENCE...
..WONDER WHEN AND HOW, THE PARROT WILL STRIKE?
SUDDENLY... THE FLAME-MASTERS LEAP FROM THEIR SEATS, ABLAZE!
df
THAT MOMENT, HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE, AN EYE PEERS THRU A HOLE IN THE CURTAIN, AND THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN...
NOW!
GAS! COMING FROM THE CURTAIN!
..PUFFS OF SMOKE SHOOT FROM HOLES IN THE CURTAIN!

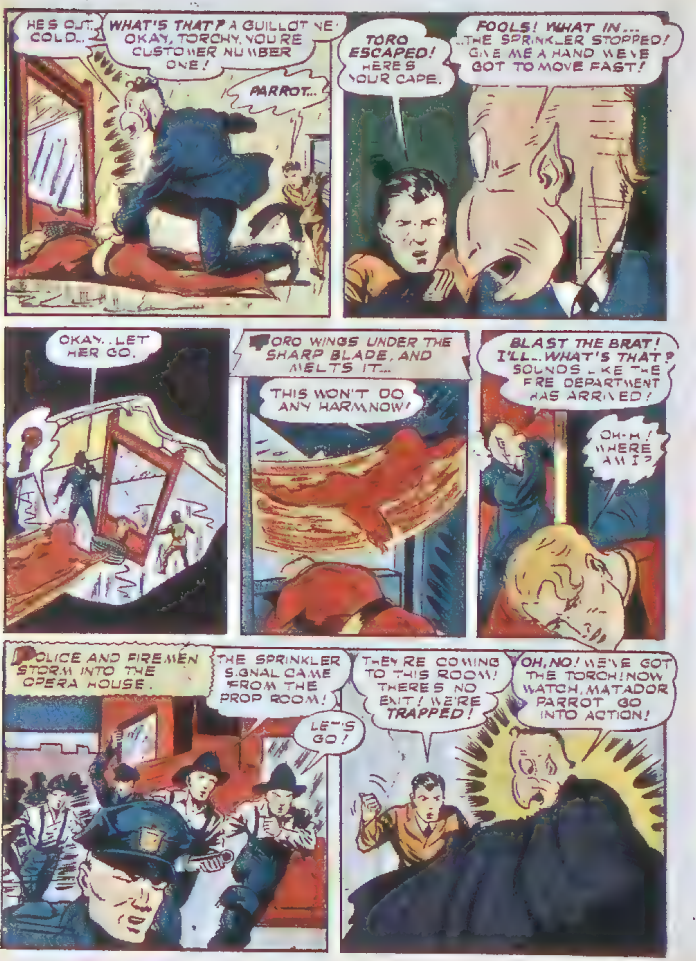
BUT THE GAS ALREADY CLAIMS ITS VICTIMS THE AUDIENCE SLEEPS, THE ORCHESTRA GOES FLAT, AND THE PERFORMERS FALL FROM THE STAGE... IN A SPLIT SECOND... DEEP SILENCE REIGNS...
.....AS THE TORCH AND TORO RISE ABOVE THE SETTLING CLOUD OF GAS!
GET THOSE JEWELS BEFORE THE FIRE-FLIES SEE US!
TORCH! MASKED MEN IN THE D'AMOND' HORSESHOE!
GET THEM, TORO! I'M GOING THRU THE CURTAIN!
THE PARROT!
GREETINGS, SUCKER!
NO! NO! TRY TO RUSH ME, EH? HERE'S SOME PEPPER IN YOUR EYES, CHUMP!
YEOW!
CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE TORCH DOES A BACK LOOP OFF THE CAT-WALK!
AS THE PARROT'S CAPE WINDS AROUND THE TORCH IN MID-AIR... HIS FLAME IS SMOTHERED!
YOU LOOK COLD TORCHY. HERE'S MY CAPE!
I'M FALLING!

HA! THAT'LL HOLD THE TORCH FOR A WHILE!
UH, OH... TORO'S WORKING OVER MY MEN! I'LL FIX THE BRAT!
THE PARROT WHIPS OUT A KNIFE, AND CUTS LOOSE A STOUT ROPE-
-AND SWINGS OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE!
HOW'S THIS? FIRE-DIAPERS?
UNGGH!
WHILE OUTSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE...
THE PARROT'S INSIDE!
LET'S GET HIM!
AS THE POLICE STORM THE DOORS, AUTOS STOP IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING AND...
KEEP THEM FLAME THROWERS BUSY!
AT THE STAGE THE TWICH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN THRU A WAR! WHERE'S THE PARROT?

THAT'S IT! SMOTHER TORCH WITH YOUR CAPE!
AH, WHAT BEAUTIFUL JEWELS! COME TO PAPPA!
LOOK OUT!
I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME, RAT.
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH.
COME CLOSER AND HAVE A CRACKER, TORCHY... TORCHY!
THE PARROT SENDS HIS KNUCKLED-FIST CRASHING INTO THE TORCH!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE GREEN KNUCKLES, TORCH?
YEOW! IT'S FREEZING! AND FORCING OUT MY FLAME!
HAW!
UGH! MY FACE, IT'S PARALYZED!
THE FORCE OF THE PARROT'S BLOW SENDS THE TORCH HURTLING INTO A POLE!
POW!
OKAY, MEN... BUILD THE JEWELS INTO THE VALISE... HURRY!
THAT CRACK RESTORED THE NERVES IN MY HEAD. C'MON HEAD START BLAZING! I'VE SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!


THE TORCH HURLS A BLANKET OF FLAME AT THE PARROT AND HIS MEN...
THE PERFECT SCREEN...
SECONDS LATER, THE TORCH DARTS THRU THE FLAME SCREEN...
GOING SOMEWHERE, PAL?
YEOW!
THE PARROT'S HUGE FRAME CRASHES TO THE FLOOR...
WWW
...BUT WITH BIRD-LIKE ACTION, THE PARROT RECOVERS AND LEAPS OVER THE ORCHESTRA PIT TO LAND ON THE STAGE...
NIJINSKY WOULD BE PROUD OF ME!
NOT GOOD ENOUGH PARROT! HERE'S A COUPLE OF FIRE-HOOPS!
THE FLAMING HOOPS DROP TO THE STAGE FLOOR...
IT'S BURNING A HOLE IN THE FLOOR!
THE FLOOR GAVE WAY!
DON'T WORRY, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!


HERE'S A BLAZING FULL NELSON, CHUM!
MIGHTY THUD ECHOES AS BOTH MEN LAND ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PROP-ROOM!
THUD!
THE PARROT LEAPS FROM THE FLOOR AND POUNDS HIS ASBESTOS-CLAD FIST INTO THE TORCH!
THE TORCH SHOOTS TOWARD THE CEILING, DAZED...HIS BLAZING BODY HITS A SPRINKLER...
HAW! IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS AND THE TORCH'S FLAME IS FUSING! THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD!
UH-OH! HE'S COMING FOR ME!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, TORCH!
POW!
BIFF!
WHAT? NO COME BACK, TORCH?


HE'S OUT... COLD...
WHAT'S THAT? A GUILLOTINE! OKAY, TORCHY, YOU'RE CUSTOMER NUMBER ONE!
PARROT...
TORO ESCAPED! HERE'S YOUR CAPE.
FOOLS! WHAT IN... THE SPRINKLER STOPPED! GIVE ME A HAND WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!
OKAY.. LET HER GO.
TORO WINGS UNDER THE SHARP BLADE, AND MELTS IT...
THIS WON'T DO ANY HARM NOW!
BLAST THE BRAT! I'LL... WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HAS ARRIVED!
OH-H! WHERE AM I?
POLICE AND FIREMEN STORM INTO THE OPERA HOUSE.
THE SPRINKLER SIGNAL CAME FROM THE PROP ROOM!
LET'S GO!
THEY'RE COMING TO THIS ROOM! THERE'S NO EXIT! WE'RE TRAPPED!
OH, NO! WE'VE GOT THE TORCH! NOW WATCH, MATADOR PARROT GO INTO ACTION!

OKAY, HOT-AIR! COME AND GET ME!

DON'T FRET! I WILL!

LIKE AN EXPERT TOREADOR, THE PARROT DODGES THE FIRE MASTERS...

THAT'S IT, BOYS— MELT A NICE HOLE IN THE WALL!

?!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WAITING FOR? THRU THE OPENING! THAT'S OUR EXIT, DOPES!

AS THE MEN RUSH THRU THE MELTED BRICK, THEY SLIP AND SLIDE ALONG THE PAVEMENT!

GOT THE ROPE, TORO?

THE TORCH MELTED THE STREET!

IT'S SLIPPERY!

THE TORCH AND TORO LAND, AND GRASP THE SPRAWLED PARROT...

I'VE GOT HIS FEET! GET HIS ARMS! TIE THEM TIGHT!

GOT 'EM, TORCH!

WELL, BIG SHOT, LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE HOT SEAT, THIS TIME!

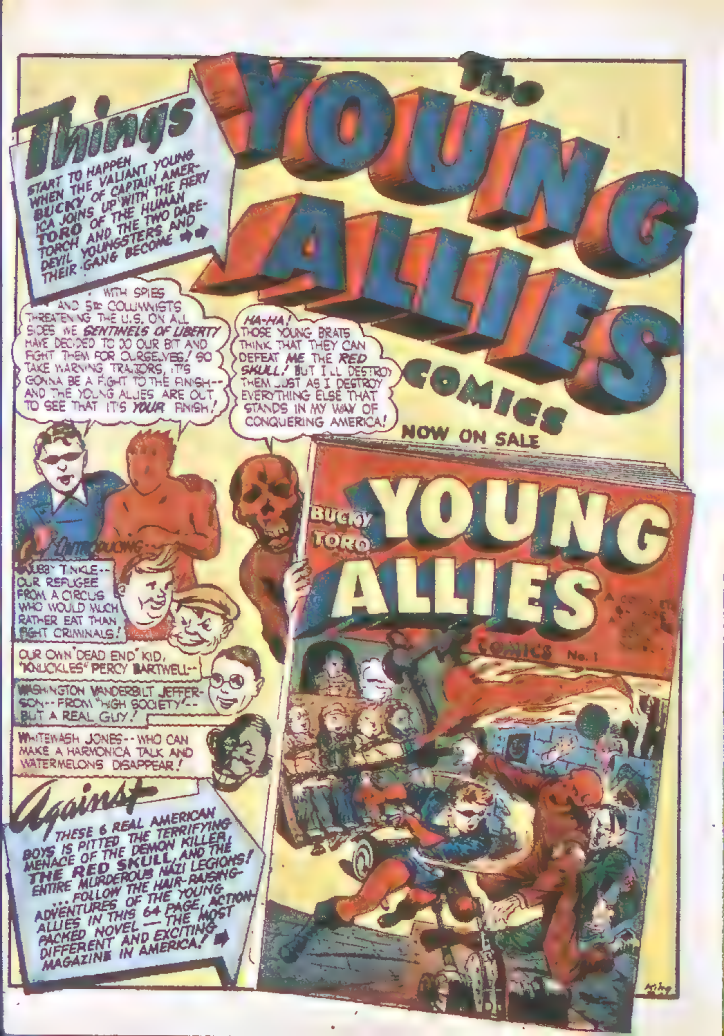
YOU SAID THAT ONCE BEFORE, AND THE RESULT WAS NEGATIVE!

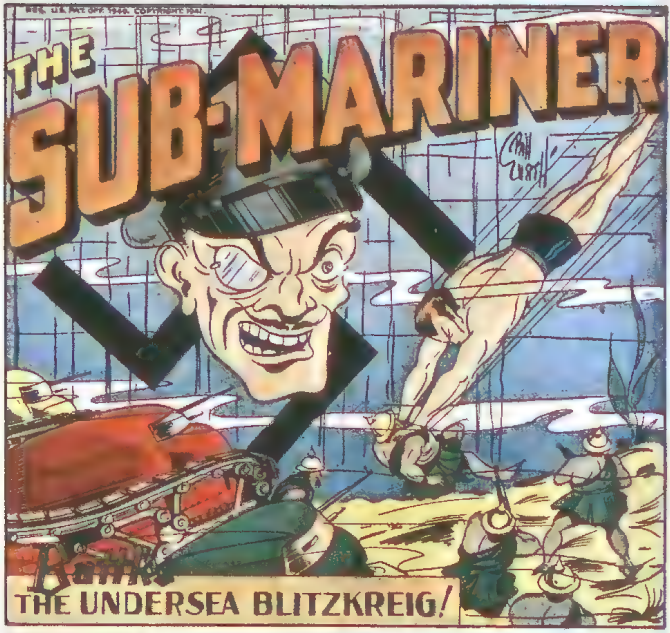
THIS TIME IT'LL BE POSITIVE, CHUM!

WILL THE PARROT APPEAR AGAIN?

FOLLOW THE HUMAN TORCH EACH MONTH IN

MARVEL COMICS


Things
START TO HAPPEN WHEN THE VALIANT YOUNG BUCKY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA JOINS UP WITH THE FIERY TORO OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE TWO DARE-DEVIL YOUNGSTERS AND THEIR GANG BECOME
The YOUNG ALLIES
COMICS
NOW ON SALE
WITH SPIES AND 5th COLUMNISTS THREATENING THE U.S. ON ALL SIDES, WE SENTINELS OF LIBERTY HAVE DECIDED TO DO OUR BIT AND FIGHT THEM FOR OURSELVES! SO TAKE WARNING TRAITORS, IT'S GONNA BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH--AND THE YOUNG ALLIES ARE OUT TO SEE THAT IT'S YOUR FINISH!
HA-HA! THOSE YOUNG BRATS THINK THAT THEY CAN DEFEAT ME THE RED SKULL! BUT I'LL DESTROY THEM JUST AS I DESTROY EVERYTHING ELSE THAT STANDS IN MY WAY OF CONQUERING AMERICA!
Introducing...
JUBE TINGLE--OUR REFUGEE FROM A CIRCUS WHO WOULD MUCH RATHER EAT THAN FIGHT CRIMINALS!
OUR OWN "DEAD END" KID, "KNUCKLES" PERCY BARTWELL--
WASHINGTON VANDERBILT JEFFERSON--FROM "HIGH SOCIETY"--BUT A REAL GUY!
WHITEWASH JONES--WHO CAN MAKE A HARMONICA TALK AND WATERMELONS DISAPPEAR!
Against
THESE 6 REAL AMERICAN BOYS IS PITTED THE TERRIFYING MENACE OF THE DEMON KILLER, THE RED SKULL, AND THE ENTIRE MURDEROUS NAZI LEGIONS! ...FOLLOW THE HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURES OF THE YOUNG ALLIES IN THIS 64 PAGE, ACTION-PACKED NOVEL — THE MOST DIFFERENT AND EXCITING MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!
BUCKY TORO
YOUNG ALLIES
COMICS No. 1



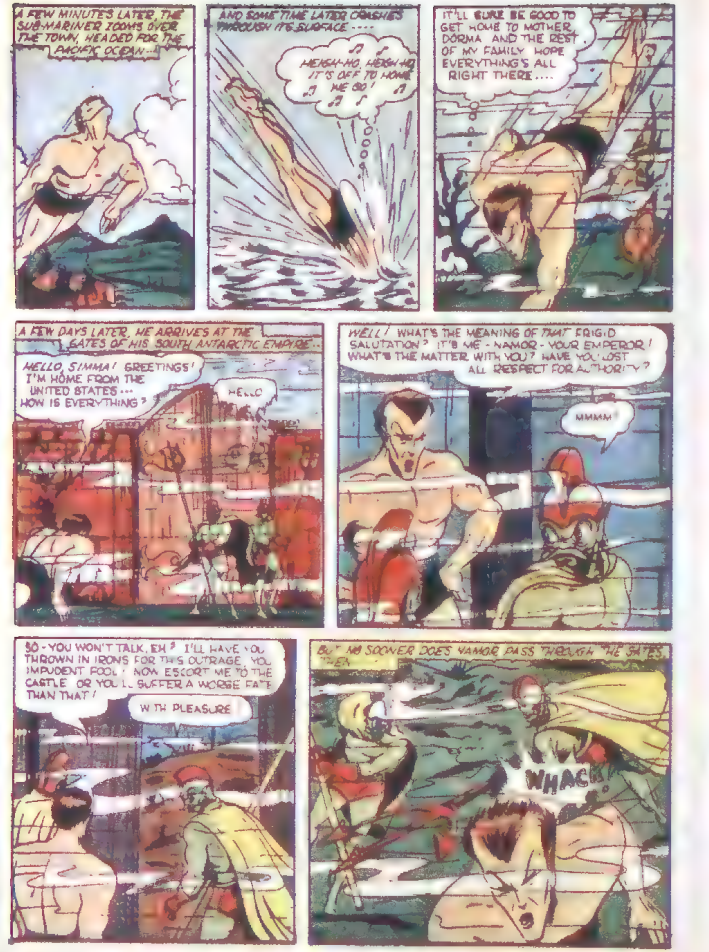
NAMOR, AFTER CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARING CONVICTS, PAYS A VISIT TO THE LOCAL POLICE IN THE LITTLE OREGON TOWN.....

CHIEF, I'VE BEEN IN THE STATES FOR QUITE A WHILE NOW, AND I THINK IT'S TIME I WENT SOUTH TO THE ANTARCTIC TO SEE HOW MY PEOPLE HAVE FARED IN MY ABSENCE.

YOU'RE WISE, NAMOR.

I SHALL BE BACK, OF COURSE — MY WORK HERE IS NOT YET FINISHED — BUT WHILE I AM AWAY I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LOOK AFTER MY LITTLE "BLITZ-BUGGY"?

SURE THING! WE'LL PUT IT IN STORAGE FOR YOU.

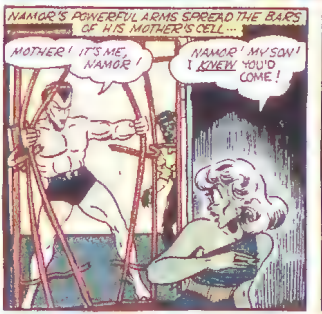

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE SUB-MARINER ZOOMS OVER THE TOWN, HEADED FOR THE PACIFIC OCEAN...!
AND SOME TIME LATER CRASHES THROUGH ITS SURFACE....
HEIGH-HO, HERE I GO IT'S OFF TO HOME I'M GO!
IT'LL SURE BE GOOD TO GET HOME TO MOTHER, DORMA AND THE REST OF MY FAMILY. HOPE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT THERE....
A FEW DAYS LATER, HE ARRIVES AT THE GATES OF HIS SOUTH ANTARCTIC EMPIRE...
HELLO, SI'MMA! GREETINGS! I'M HOME FROM THE UNITED STATES... HOW IS EVERYTHING?
HELLO
WELL! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT FRIGID SALUTATION? IT'S ME - NAMOR - YOUR EMPEROR! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? HAVE YOU LOST ALL RESPECT FOR AU-THOR-ITY?
MMMM!
SO - YOU WON'T TALK, EH? I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN IN IRONS FOR THIS OUTRAGE, YOU IMPUDENT FOOL! NOW ESCORT ME TO THE CASTLE OR YOU'LL SUFFER A WORSE FATE THAN THAT!
WITH PLEASURE
BUT NO SOONER DOES NAMOR PASS THROUGH THE GATES, THEN...
WHACK!

THE TRAITOROUS GUARDS CARRY HIM ROUGHLY TO THE CASTLE, AND HE IS THROWN INTO AN IVY DUNGEON.
MOMENTS LATER, HE REVIVES...
WOW! WHAT HIT ME? OH-OH! WHY, THOSE DIRTY DOGS! THEY'VE PUT ME IN PRISON! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, ANYWAY?
THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR GRINDS SLOWLY OPEN, AND LIGHT FEET TRIP DOWN THE STEPS.
WELCOME HOME, COUSIN!
WOW! OH-DORMA!
UH HUH... IT'S ME, NAMOR - PROBABLY THE ONLY FRIEND YOU HAVE LEFT IN THE EMPIRE! THINGS HAVE CHANGED PLENTY SINCE YOU WENT AWAY - ONE OF YOUR UNCLES, DAKA, HAS OVERTHROWN THE OLD REGIME, AND HAS ESTABLISHED A TOTALITARIAN STATE HERE, WITH HIMSELF AS DICTATOR. HE'S OUTLAWED YOU AS EMPEROR, AND HAS ORDERED YOUR EXECUTION!
IF IT WEREN'T THAT DAKA IS IN LOVE WITH ME, EVEN, I WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO SEE YOU. YOUR MOTHER'S IN PRISON TOO - THE ENTIRE CABINET WAS PURGED. AND AS THE FINAL CRUSHING BLOW, DAKA'S SIGNED AN ALLIANCE WITH OUR FORMER ENEMIES, THE SEAL PEOPLE!
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT IS NEWS! WHY I CAN'T BELIEVE IT - MY UNCLE, MY MOTHER'S HALF BROTHER, MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE SEAL PEOPLE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT, DORMA - YOU KNOW HOW TREACHEROUS THEY ARE! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE - BUT NOW?
I'VE A PLAN I THINK WILL WORK... AT ELEVEN THIRTY P.M. I BRING COFFEE TO THE GUARDS - A LITTLE SLEEPING POWDER WILL FIX THEM. HERE'S A PHIAL OF NITROGLYCERINE - USE IT AT MIDNIGHT, AND MEET ME IN THE SOUTH CORRIDOR!
SWELL!
3

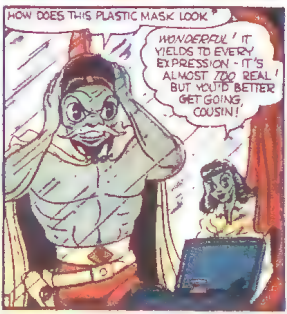
AT EXACTLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, THE CELL DOOR BURSTS ASUNDER!

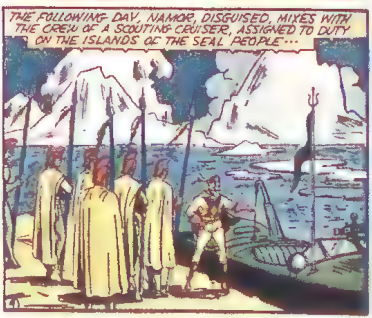
AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, NAMOR RACES INTO THE SOUTH CORRIDOR...
HURRY, COUSIN! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
I'M WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!

DOWN THIS CELL-BLOCK - YOUR MOTHER'S IN NUMBER 13 - I DRUGGED THE GUARDS HERE, TOO, BUT WE'LL STILL HAVE TO HURRY!
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE FREE HER?

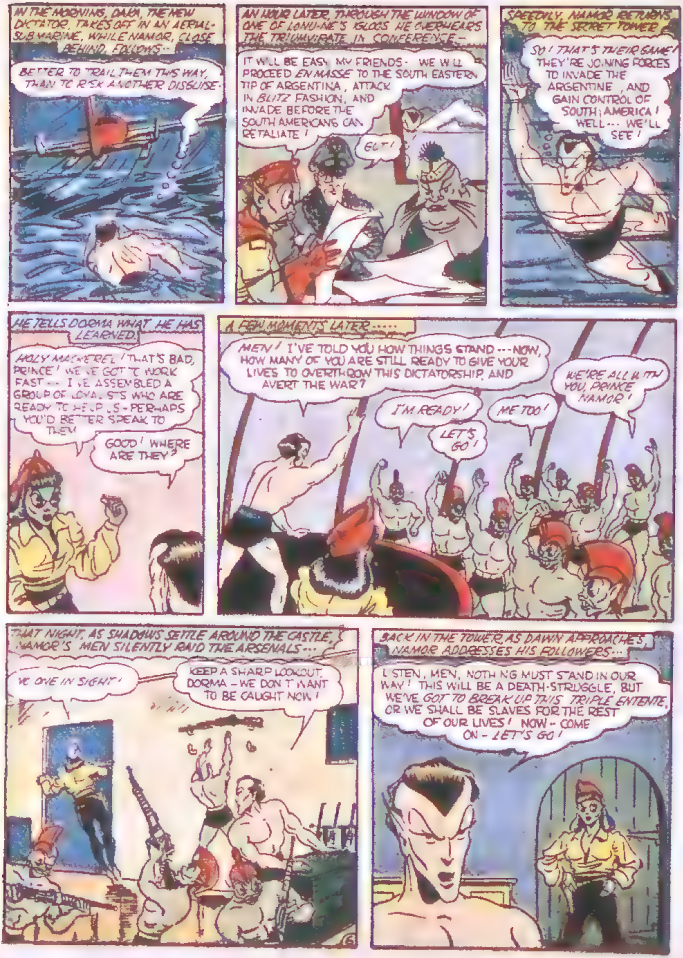

NAMOR'S POWERFUL ARMS SPREAD THE BARS OF HIS MOTHER'S CELL...
MOTHER! IT'S ME, NAMOR!
NAMOR! MY SON! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

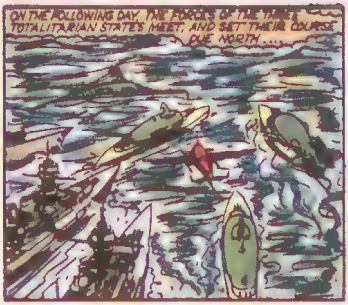
QUICKLY! UP THESE STAIRS TO THE SECRET TOWER! I'LL HIDE THERE, AND DORMA CAN BRING ME FOOD.
GOOD! I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A TRIBESMAN, AND MIX WITH THE GUARDS.
MAYBE YOU CAN CHISEL IN ON A SCOUT PARTY!


HOW DOES THIS PLASTIC MASK LOOK?
WONDERFUL! IT YIELDS TO EVERY EXPRESSION - IT'S ALMOST TOO REAL! BUT YOU'D BETTER GET GOING, COUSIN!

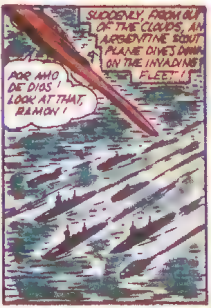

THE FOLLOWING DAY, NAMOR, DISGUISED, MIXES WITH THE CREW OF A SCOUTING CRUISER, ASSIGNED TO DUTY ON THE ISLANDS OF THE SEAL PEOPLE...

IN THE CRUISER, HE LISTENS TO THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY'S AWAKENING ...
I UNDERSTAND PRINCE NAMOR RETURNED LAST NIGHT, AND WAS SEIZED
YES, BUT HE ESCAPED, YOU KNOW
THEY'LL GET HIM AGAIN, DON'T WORRY!
THEY LAND, AND NAMOR SHAKES HANDS WITH HIS LIFE-LONG ENEMIES, SOLDIERS OF THE SEAL PEOPLE ...
MY NAME IS "AMER."
AND I AM LT GEERESE - WELCOME! YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE HAVE LONG BEEN FOES, BUT NOW WE ARE ALLIES IN THE INTEREST OF A GREAT CAUSE!
TRUE - BUT - SOMEHOW I AM AFRAID. OUR EMPEROR HAS RETURNED, YOU KNOW, AND THE AUTHORITIES HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HOLD HIM. I'M AFRAID OF HIM, AND OF THE CAUSE, TOO -- I'M OF THE OLD SCHOOL, I GUESS, AND I NEVER DID HAVE MUCH LOVE FOR DAKA, OUR DICTATOR!
WH-WHAT ???
HUSH, MY BOY! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THAT'S TREASON? YOU COULD BE EXECUTED FOR SUCH TALK! MANY OF US HERE AGREE WITH YOU, BUT WE DARE NOT SPEAK - IT IS DANGEROUS TO UTTER ONE WORD AGAINST THE ALLIANCE. OUR CHANCELLOR, LONU-NE, IS ABSOLUTELY RUTHLESS!
LATER, NAMOR, ALIAS "AMER" RETURNS TO THE SECRET TOWER-
HMMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THEY DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN I DO. I THINK I CAN MAKE SOME VALUABLE FRIENDS AMONG THEM!
WELL, DORMA, WE'VE TAKEN THE FIRST STEP. I'VE FOUND SOME REBELS IN THE SEAL PEOPLE'S ARMY! ANY NEWS FROM THIS FRONT?
I'LL SAY THERE IS!
MY SPIES TELL ME THAT DAKA AND LONU-NE ARE TO MEET REPRESENTATIVES OF THE EUROPEAN AXIS POWERS TOMORROW! SOMEHOW YOU MUST CONTRIVE TO GO WITH THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO! I'LL KEEP OUR LITTLE "FIFTH-COLUMN" ACTIVE HERE IN THE MEANTIME ....

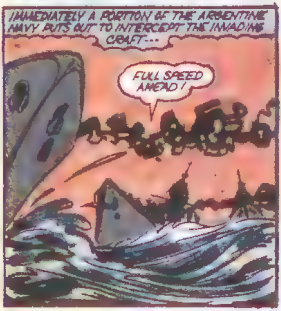

IN THE MEANTIME, DAWN, THE NEW DICTATOR TAKES OFF IN AN AERIAL-SUB MARINE, WHILE NAMOR, CLOSE BEHIND, FOLLOWS...
BETTER TO TRAIL THEM THIS WAY, THAN TO RISK ANOTHER DISGUISE
AN HOUR LATER, THROUGH THE WINDOW OF ONE OF LONDAINE'S GLOSS HE OVERHEARS THE TRIUMVIRATE IN CONFERENCE...
IT WILL BE EASY, MY FRIENDS - WE WILL PROCEED EN MASSE TO THE SOUTH EASTERN TIP OF ARGENTINA, ATTACK IN BLITZ FASHION, AND INVADE BEFORE THE SOUTH AMERICANS CAN RETALIATE!
GUT!
SPEEDILY, NAMOR RETURNS TO THE SECRET TOWER...
SO! THAT'S THEIR GAME! THEY'RE JOINING FORCES TO INVADE THE ARGENTINE, AND GAIN CONTROL OF SOUTH AMERICA! WELL... WE'LL SEE!
HE TELLS DORMA WHAT HE HAS LEARNED...
HOLY MACKEREL! THAT'S BAD, PRINCE! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST - I'VE ASSEMBLED A GROUP OF LOYALISTS WHO ARE READY TO HELP US - PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER SPEAK TO THEM
GOOD! WHERE ARE THEY?
A FEW MOMENTS LATER.....
MEN! I'VE TOLD YOU HOW THINGS STAND... NOW, HOW MANY OF YOU ARE STILL READY TO GIVE YOUR LIVES TO OVERTHROW THIS DICTATORSHIP AND AVERT THE WAR?
I'M READY!
ME TOO!
LET'S GO!
WE'RE ALL WITH YOU, PRINCE NAMOR!
THAT NIGHT, AS SHADOWS SETTLE AROUND THE CASTLE, NAMOR'S MEN SILENTLY RAID THE ARSENALS...
WE GIVE IN SIGHT!
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, DORMA - WE DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT NOW!
BACK IN THE TOWER AS DAWN APPROACHES, NAMOR ADDRESSES HIS FOLLOWERS...
LISTEN, MEN, NOTHING MUST STAND IN OUR WAY! THIS WILL BE A DEATH-STRUGGLE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BREAK UP THIS TRIPLE ENTENTE, OR WE SHALL BE SLAVES FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES! NOW - COME ON - LET'S GO!

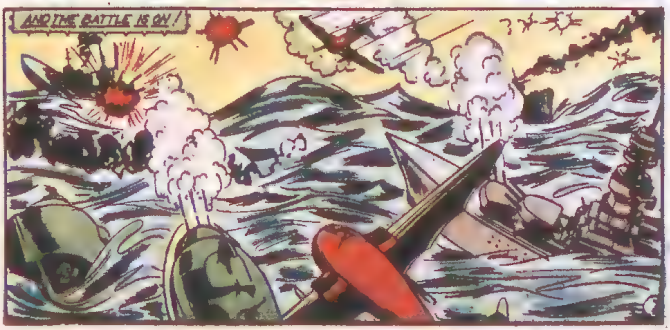

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE FORCES OF THE THREE TOTALITARIAN STATES MEET, AND SET THEIR COURSE DUE NORTH ...

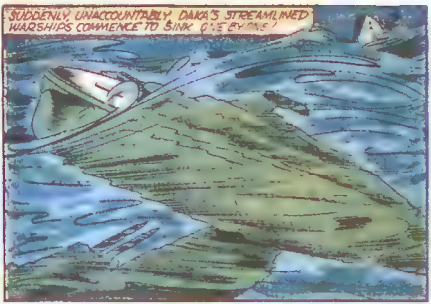
WHILE WILDLY, IN ATTACK FORMATION, THE AERIAL-SUBS OF NAMOR'S LOYALISTS FOLLOW AT SOME DISTANCE TO THE REAR ....


SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE CLOUDS, AN ARGENTINE SCOUT PLANE DIVES DOWN ON THE INVADING FLEET !!
POR AMO DE DIOS ! LOOK AT THAT, RAMON !

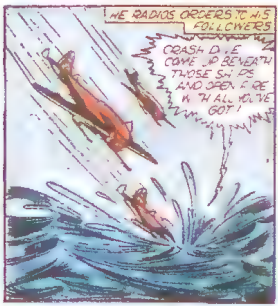
FRANTICALLY, THE PILOT RADIOS A WARNING TO HIS HOME BASE ...
INVADERS !!! NAZIS !

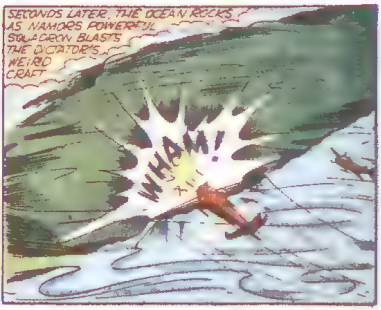

IMMEDIATELY A PORTION OF THE ARGENTINE NAVY PUTS OUT TO INTERCEPT THE INVADING CRAFT ...
FULL SPEED AHEAD !

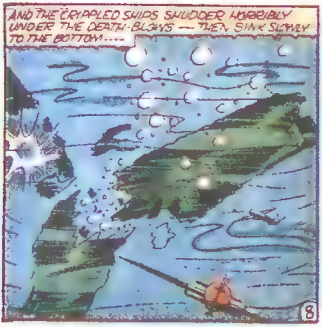

AND THE BATTLE IS ON !

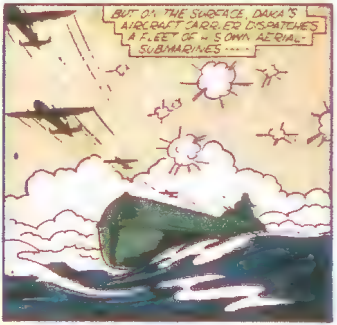

SUDDENLY, UNACCOUNTABLY, DAKA'S STREAMLINED WARSHIPS COMMENCE TO SINK ONE BY ONE!

FROM HIS AERIAL-SUB, MAMOR WATCHES, AGHAST AT THESE STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS
GOOD HADDOCK — THOSE SHIPS AREN'T SINKING — THEY'RE SUBMERSING! WHAT SORT OF TRICK IS THIS?


HE RADIOS ORDERS TO HIS FOLLOWERS
CRASH DIVE — COME TO BENEATH THOSE SHIPS AND OPEN FIRE WITH ALL YOU'VE GOT!


SECONDS LATER, THE OCEAN ROCKS AS MAMOR'S POWERFUL SOUL-CROW BLASTS THE DICTATOR'S WEIRD CRAFT
WHAM!


AND THE CRIPPLED SHIPS SHUDDER HORRIBLY UNDER THE DEATH-BLOWS — THEN SINK SLOWLY TO THE BOTTOM....


BUT ON THE SURFACE, DAKA'S AIRCRAFT CARRIER DISPATCHES A FLEET OF H'S OWN AERIAL-SUBMARINES....

NAMOR'S X-RAY PEER SCOPES QUICKLY DETECT THE NEW MANEUVER, AND HIS LOYALIST SUBS BREAK THE SURFACE, IN HOT PURSUIT!

AND ONE OF THE STRANGEST AIR-BATTLES IN HISTORY IS BEGUN --- IDENTICAL SHIPS LOCKED IN FIERCE COMBAT --- NOTHING TO DISTINGUISH FRIEND FROM FOE!

SOON THE STRUGGLE GETS OUT OF HAND --- LOYALIST MISTAKES LOYALIST FOR ENEMY --- INVADER SHOOTS DOWN INVADER --- CONFUSION IS RAMPANT! NAMOR RADIOS HIS FOLLOWERS AGAIN ----

ALL RALLY FOR SUICIDE-DIVE! CRASH THOSE SHIPS - DESTROY THEM AT ANY COST - AT THE COST OF YOUR LIVES!

THE FAITHFUL LOYALISTS IMMEDIATELY OBEY - GIVING THEIR LIVES GLADLY FOR THEIR IDOL, PRINCE NAMOR, AND FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!

AMID THE EXPLOSIVE THUNDER, NAMOR DIVES FROM THE CABIN OF HIS FLAGSHIP ----

ONE LITTLE ERRAND I'VE GOT TO DO ---

AND LANDS ON THE DECK OF DAKA'S FLAGSHIP ----

--- LOCATE THOSE TWO CONNIVING DOUBLE-CROSSERS, DAKA AND LONU-NE!

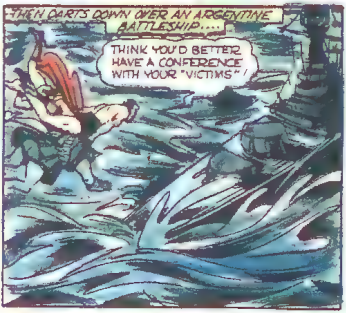
HE SNEAKS QUIETLY TO THE BRIDGE -

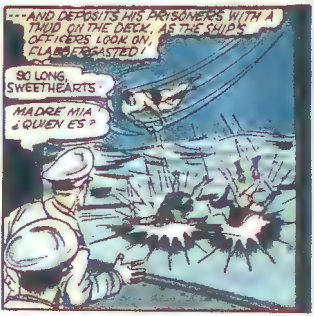
AH! HERE THEY ARE - GLOATING OVER THEIR BLOODTHIRSTY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

HO-HO! FRIEND DAKA - WE HAVE THEM ON THE RUN!!!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MY ILLUSTRIOUS LICE!' COME ALONG WITH PAPA - WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!
GULP!
MAMA!

HE LEAPS INTO THE AIR WITH THE TWO PRISONERS!
THAT'S RIGHT, DAKA - YOUR LITTLE COUSIN, WHO'S ABOUT TO SHOW YOU WHO'S REALLY BOSS AROUND THESE PARTS!

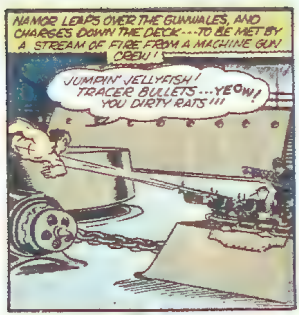

THEN DARTS DOWN OVER AN ARGENTINE BATTLESHIP...
THINK YOU'D BETTER HAVE A CONFERENCE WITH YOUR "VICTIMS"!

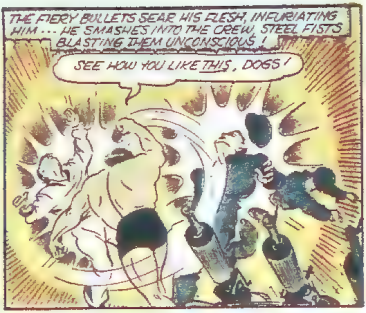

...AND DEPOSITS HIS PRISONERS WITH A THUD ON THE DECK, AS THE SHIPS' OFFICERS LOOK ON, FLABBERGASTED!
SO LONG, SWEETHEARTS!
MADRE MIA ¿QUIEN ES?

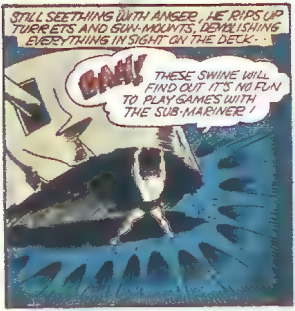
WITH A SWEEPING DIVE, MAMAC CLEARS THE DECK AND PLUNGES INTO THE TURBULENT WATERS-
G'BYE, NOW!

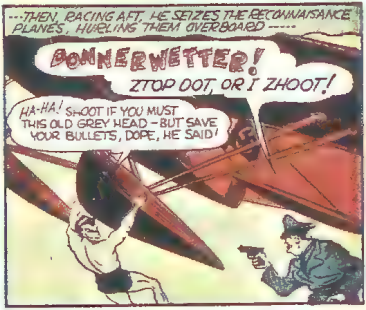
DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE, HE RACES BACK TO THE INVADING FLEET-
GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL DO A THOROUGH JOB, WHILE I'M AT IT...

A LITTLE INTERVIEW WITH THE NAZI COMMANDER OUGHT TO CLEAR IT UP. AH! HERE'S HIS FLAGSHIP!


NAMOR LEAPS OVER THE GUNWALES, AND CHARGES DOWN THE DECK---TO BE MET BY A STREAM OF FIRE FROM A MACHINE GUN CREW!
JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! TRACER BULLETS...YEOW! YOU DIRTY RATS!!!

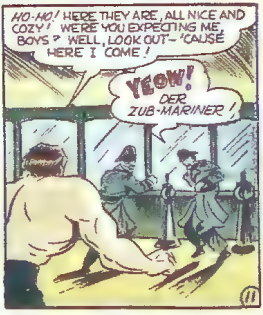

THE FIERY BULLETS SEAR HIS FLESH, INFURIATING HIM... HE SMASHES INTO THE CREW, STEEL FISTS BLASTING THEM UNCONSCIOUS!
SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS, DOGS!

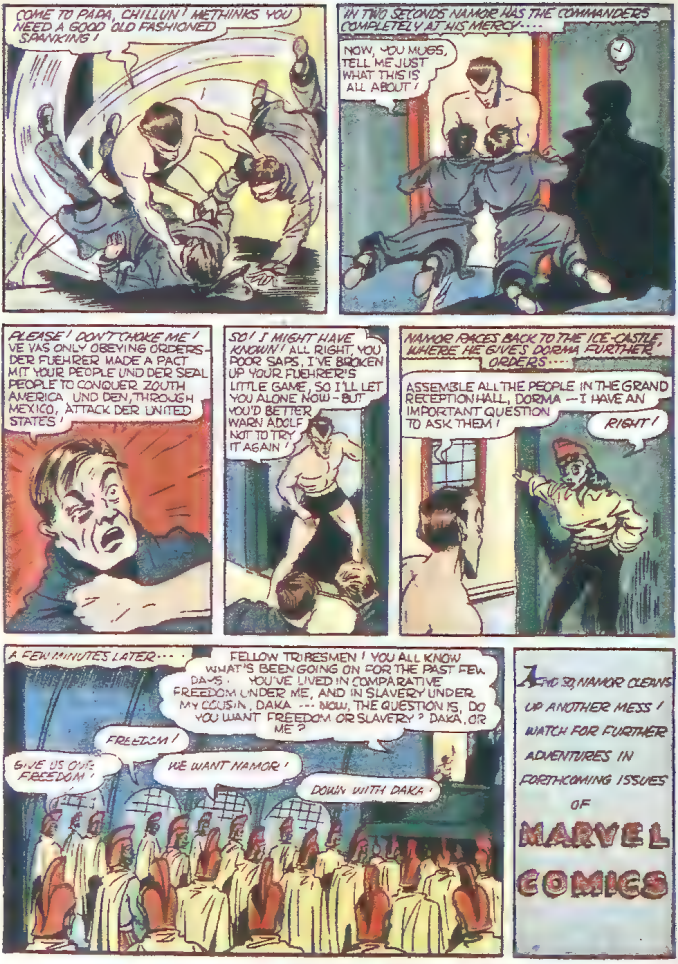

STILL SEETHING WITH ANGER, HE RIPS UP TURRETS AND GUN-MOUNTS, DEMOLISHING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT ON THE DECK...
GAH! THESE SWINE WILL FIND OUT IT'S NO FUN TO PLAY GAMES WITH THE SUB-MARINER!


---THEN, RACING AFT, HE SEIZES THE RECONNAISANCE PLANES, HURLING THEM OVERBOARD -----
DONNERWETTER! ZTOP DOT, OR I ZHOOT!
HA-HA! SHOOT IF YOU MUST THIS OLD GREY HEAD - BUT SAVE YOUR BULLETS, DOPE, HE SAID!

NAMOR LEAPS AT THE FOOLISH NAZI, CRASHING A TERRIFIC LEFT TO HIS JAW!
THAT'LL LEARN YA, STUPID!

LEAVING THE OFFICER LIMP, HE DASHES TO THE BRIDGE COMPANIONWAY -----
NOW TO FIND THE COMMANDERS OF THIS TUB!


HO-HO! HERE THEY ARE, ALL NICE AND COZY! WERE YOU EXPECTING ME, BOYS? WELL, LOOK OUT - 'CAUSE HERE I COME!
YEOW! DER ZUB-MARINER!


COME TO PADA, CHILLUN! METHINKS YOU NEED A GOOD OLD FASHIONED SPANKING!
IN TWO SECONDS NAMOR HAS THE COMMANDERS COMPLETELY AT HIS MERCY....
NOW, YOU MUGS, TELL ME JUST WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
PLEASE! DON'T CHOKE ME! VE VAS ONLY OBEYING ORDERS- DER FUEHRER MADE A PACT MIT YOUR PEOPLE UND DER SEAL PEOPLE TO CONQUER ZOUTH AMERICA UND DEN, THROUGH MEXICO, ATTACK DER UNITED STATES!
SO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! ALL RIGHT, YOU POOR SAPS, I'VE BROKEN UP YOUR FUEHRER'S LITTLE GAME, SO I'LL LET YOU ALONE NOW - BUT YOU'D BETTER WARN ADOLF NOT TO TRY IT AGAIN!
NAMOR PACES BACK TO THE ICE-CASTLE, WHERE HE GIVES DORMA FURTHER ORDERS....
ASSEMBLE ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE GRAND RECEPTION HALL, DORMA — I HAVE AN IMPORTANT QUESTION TO ASK THEM!
RIGHT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER....
FELLOW TRIBESMEN! YOU ALL KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR THE PAST FEW DAYS: YOU'VE LIVED IN COMPARATIVE FREEDOM UNDER ME, AND IN SLAVERY UNDER MY COUSIN, DAKA --- NOW, THE QUESTION IS, DO YOU WANT FREEDOM OR SLAVERY? DAKA, OR ME?
FREEDOM!
GIVE US OUR FREEDOM!
WE WANT NAMOR!
DOWN WITH DAKA!
AND SO NAMOR CLEANS UP ANOTHER MESS! WATCH FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF
MARVEL COMICS

Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
by Ray Gill & Bob Oskner
Scene— A LOG JAM ON A RIVER IN THE MAINE WOODS! READ ON AND SEE HOW THIS SITUATION EFFECTS OUR FRIENDS, TERRY VANCE AND DEADLINE DAWSON, CUB REPORTER!
HOW DO THEY EXPECT ME TO PUBLISH A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT PAPER ?
OH! OH! MY DAD HANDLES THE PAPER END OF THIS BUSINESS. --I'LL BE CALLED FIRST THING...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE OLD MAN ?
HE'S SQUAWKING ABOUT NOT GETTING HIS PAPER PULP ON TIME
WHERE'S DEADLINE ? HEY! DAWSON!
HERE I GO AGAIN! SEE YOU LATER --- I HOPE!

WHEN DO YOU TAKE YOUR VACATION?

I--I-- DON'T KNOW --- NO SPECIAL TIME, I GUESS --- SIR --- WHY?

WELL, TAKE IT NOW -- TWO WEEKS OR TWO MONTHS -- BUT SPEND IT AT YOUR FATHER'S LUMBER CAMP AND DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT CORRECTING THE REASON FOR OUR GETTING LATE SHIPMENTS OF PAPER PULP!

YIPPEE! COME ON, TERRY! --MAINE WOODS-- HERE WE GO!

HEY! LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

WHAT ABOUT THE MAINE WOODS?

WE'RE GOING UP THERE--TO MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!

THAT NIGHT, DEADLINE EXPLAINS TO TERRY, WHILE HE PACKS.

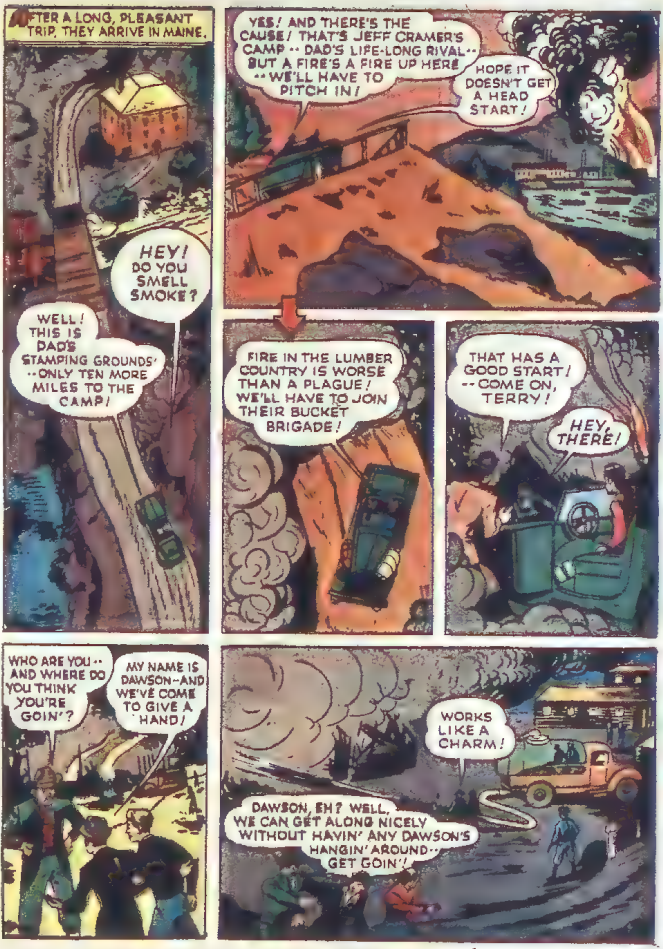
MY DAD OWNS THE LUMBER MILL THAT SUPPLIES THE GLOBE PRESS WITH THEIR PAPER. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG UP THERE --AND IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT WHAT!

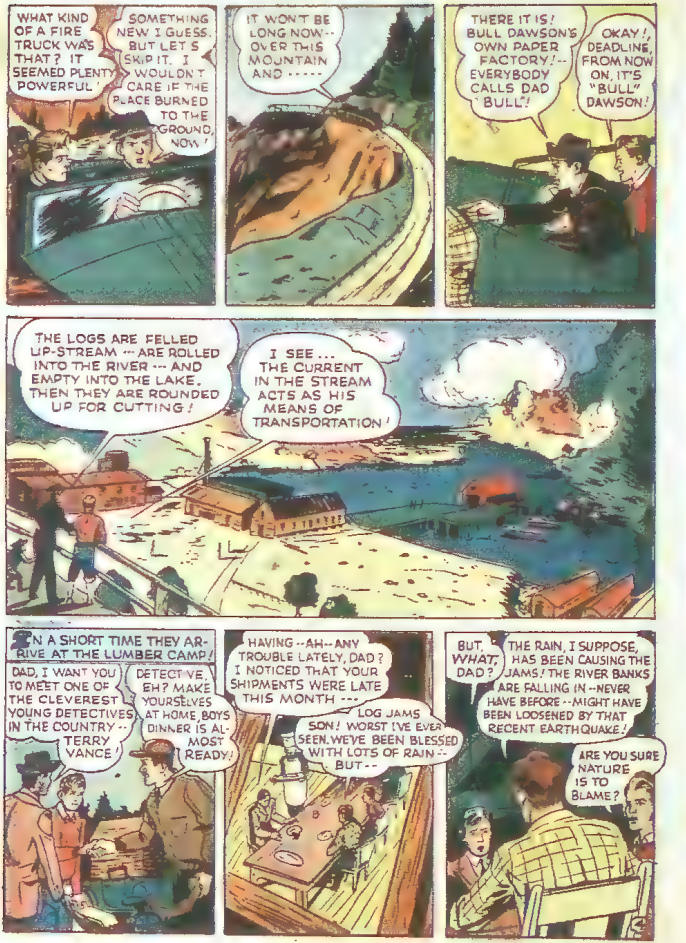
THEN, NEXT MORNING, THEY ARE READY TO LEAVE!

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT EVERYTHING!

YEP! *HEY!* LOOK WHO'S COMING! DR. WATSON HIMSELF!

EEK!


AFTER A LONG, PLEASANT TRIP, THEY ARRIVE IN MAINE.
HEY! DO YOU SMELL SMOKE?
WELL! THIS IS DAD'S STAMPING GROUNDS' --ONLY TEN MORE MILES TO THE CAMP!
YES! AND THERE'S THE CAUSE! THAT'S JEFF CRAMER'S CAMP -- DAD'S LIFE-LONG RIVAL-- BUT A FIRE'S A FIRE UP HERE --WE'LL HAVE TO PITCH IN!
HOPE IT DOESN'T GET A HEAD START!
FIRE IN THE LUMBER COUNTRY IS WORSE THAN A PLAGUE! WE'LL HAVE TO JOIN THEIR BUCKET BRIGADE!
THAT HAS A GOOD START! --COME ON, TERRY!
HEY, THERE!
WHO ARE YOU -- AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?
MY NAME IS DAWSON--AND WE'VE COME TO GIVE A HAND!
WORKS LIKE A CHARM!
DAWSON, EH? WELL, WE CAN GET ALONG NICELY WITHOUT HAVIN' ANY DAWSON'S HANGIN' AROUND-- GET GOIN'!


WHAT KIND OF A FIRE TRUCK WAS THAT? IT SEEMED PLENTY POWERFUL!
SOMETHING NEW I GUESS. BUT LET'S SKIP IT. I WOULDN'T CARE IF THE PLACE BURNED TO THE GROUND, NOW!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW -- OVER THIS MOUNTAIN AND .....
THERE IT IS! BULL DAWSON'S OWN PAPER FACTORY! -- EVERYBODY CALLS DAD "BULL"!
OKAY! DEADLINE, FROM NOW ON, IT'S "BULL" DAWSON!
THE LOGS ARE FELLED UP-STREAM -- ARE ROLLED INTO THE RIVER -- AND EMPTY INTO THE LAKE. THEN THEY ARE ROUNDED UP FOR CUTTING!
I SEE... THE CURRENT IN THE STREAM ACTS AS HIS MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION!
IN A SHORT TIME THEY ARRIVE AT THE LUMBER CAMP!
DAD, I WANT YOU TO MEET ONE OF THE CLEVEREST YOUNG DETECTIVES IN THE COUNTRY -- TERRY VANCE!
DETECTIVE, EH? MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME, BOYS DINNER IS ALMOST READY!
HAVING -- AH -- ANY TROUBLE LATELY, DAD? I NOTICED THAT YOUR SHIPMENTS WERE LATE THIS MONTH ---
LOG JAMS SON! WORST I'VE EVER SEEN. WE'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH LOTS OF RAIN -- BUT --
BUT, WHAT, DAD?
THE RAIN, I SUPPOSE, HAS BEEN CAUSING THE JAMS! THE RIVER BANKS ARE FALLING IN -- NEVER HAVE BEFORE -- MIGHT HAVE BEEN LOOSENED BY THAT RECENT EARTHQUAKE!
ARE YOU SURE NATURE IS TO BLAME?

WELL, WE'LL TURN IN NOW... WE HAVE A BIG DAY AHEAD OF US! THE MOST RECENT LOG JAM WILL HAVE TO BE DYNAMITED!
OKAY, GOODNIGHT, BULL!
NIGHT, DAD. DON'T WORRY!
Next morning...
I GUESS WE CAN'T PRY 'EM LOOSE -- STAND CLEAR! WE'LL BLAST!
STAND BACK, BOYS! HERE SHE GOES!
BLAM!
THAT DID IT! BUT IT COST US A LOT OF GOOD LOGS!
COMING BACK TO CAMP, TERRY?
I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK!
BETTER NOT, TERRY -- IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DUE TO HAVE ANOTHER HEAVY SHOWER!
I KNOW, BUT I LIKE TO WALK IN THE RAIN -- HELPS ME TO THINK!
?

LANDSLIDES THAT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE -- EARTHQUAKES -- RIVAL COMPANY ... HMM? ... I WONDER!
DYNAMITE IS ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DUMP THAT BANK INTO THE RIVER -- BUT, THEY WOULD HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSION!
Suddenly ...
COME ON, DR. WATSON -- HERE COMES THE RAIN! THAT HOLLOW TREE WILL DO!
THERE'S A TRUCK COMING ... MAYBE WE CAN ... HEY! WHAT THE ...?
?
IT'S THE WATER PUMP TRUCK FROM BULL'S RIVAL'S CAMP. WHAT'S IT DOING HERE ON BULL'S PROPERTY?
THERE IT GOES UPSTREAM! HMM? COME ON, DR. WATSON! I'VE GOT A HOT HUNCH!
TERRY RUNS THROUGH THE PELTING RAIN BACK TO CAMP!
HEY! BULL! DEADLINE!
WHAT'S UP, TERRY?
GET YOUR MEN TOGETHER FAST -- AND I THINK WE CAN STOP ANOTHER JAM BEFORE IT STARTS!
WHAT?

TERRY EXPLAINS -AND SOON STARTS BACK WITH A HALF DOZEN HUSKY LUMBERJACKS!

HURRY, MEN -- IT'S NOT FAR NOW! JUST AROUND THE NEXT TURN!

THERE'S THE CAUSE OF YOUR LANDSLIDES AND LOG JAMS -- AND IT ISN'T "MOTHER NATURE"!

HOLY HEMLOCKS! COME ON, GANG! WE'LL MAKE SHORT ORDER OF THIS!

THEY RUSH TO THE ATTACK!

STOP THEM!

THEY'LL CAVE IN THAT BANK!

IT'S BULL!

AND BULL TAKES OVER THE POWERFUL HOSE!

HERE'S SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

GIVE IT TO 'EM, BULL!

AAAEEE!!!

HELP!

THE MEN ARE SOON SUBDUED.

TERRY, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!

SKIP IT, BULL! NOW WE CAN REALLY ENJOY OUR VACATION!

WE'LL TEACH YOU TO JAM OUR LOGS!

RIGHT I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL COUNTRY, TERRY!

WE'LL BE BACK WITH YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS WITH ANOTHER SWELL STORY --- SO LONG!

"WHO ROBBED THE CARTER BANK?" OR "HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?"

By Stan Lee

For months you fellows and girls have been following the adventures of Terry Vance and watching him solve one thrilling mystery after another. Now we feel that it's time to turn the tables and let Terry watch you solve a mystery! What do you say? O.K.? Let's go, then . . .

First, we'll suppose that you are Terry Vance and that you have a pet monkey named Doctor Watson. You also have a friend called "Deadline" Dawson, who is a reporter. You have a bicycle with a little radio on it, and Deadline has a small automobile. So, starting with these things, and nothing else, you've got to solve the mystery of "Who robbed the Carter Bank?" Here's how it happened . . .

A "Marvel Comics" Special Feature, Starring Terry Vance, Boy Detective

AT 10 P.M. on a Sunday evening, an alarm was flashed on the board in Police Headquarters. Five minutes later, the police arrived at the Carter Bank, from where the alarm came, and found Hi Smithers, the night watchman, tied and gagged on the floor and the door of the bank vault open—with the vault empty!

When Smithers was untied, he told of a masked man, who had broken in thru the side entrance of the bank, and had tied and gagged him. Then the masked intruder managed to open the vault door. A few minutes later he raced out of the bank with his loot! Smithers said that he had been able to roll over, and touch off the alarm after a while, in order to summon the police.

And that was all! There were no clues found. The robber was completely masked, left no finger-prints, and didn't speak at all, and there were no keys to the vault other than those of the Bank President, himself!

Now then, as Terry Vance, you would have carefully gone over the scene of the crime. These are the clues you'd have dug up by yourself.

First, you'd have interviewed the President of the Bank, Lemuel Carter. And this is what you would have discovered—

President Lemuel Carter was sitting at his desk one evening reading the newspaper, when the office door opened, and in walked Charlie Biswell, Carter's private secretary. Charlie looked nervous, and a little bit frightened.

"Mr. Carter," said Charlie, "I've never asked you for a favor in all the years I've worked for you. But now, I am desperately in need of, eh, of $500!" Charlie looked at Lemuel Carter with a plea in his eyes. "I've simply got to have the money, Mr. Carter, I've got to!"

The Bank President rose from his chair, and faced his secretary. "Biswell," he said. "You've worked for me for many years, faithfully and honestly. And if I could let you have that money, I would. But,—" Carter cleared his throat. "But unfortunately, I am short of funds at present, and it would be impossible for me to—"

Biswell cut him short. "I see!" he cried. "You can't possibly lend me $500, eh? After the way I've worked for you all these years! After all I've done for you! Very well, Carter, you can take your money, and your bank, and I hope I never see either again!" So saying, Charlie Biswell stormed out of the office and slammed the door behind him.

Lemuel Carter picked up his newspaper again, "Tsk, tsk," he muttered. "This is a most regrettable incident."

* * * *

Now then, as Terry Vance, you've investigated the facts and discovered about the conversation which is mentioned above. But there are still a number of other clues to be gathered. Let's look in upon another scene, now—this one the night before the robbery . . .

OUR next scene is Police Headquarters. We find Police Commissioner Henderson talking to Lieutenant Jackson. "I tell you, Jackson," says the commissioner, "the only way to wipe out crime is to get rid of the criminals!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asks Jackson.

Henderson answers with a frown. "I mean that we should chase every known criminal out of town. We shouldn't allow any person, whom we know to be a criminal, to remain in our city—even if at present we can't pin anything on him!"

Then Henderson bends forward, seriously. "Take Jake Walters, for example," he says, "We all know that he's one of the biggest bank robbers in the East—even though nobody's been able to prove it yet. And although we know that he's a crook, we've got to allow him to live in our city, mix with our citizens, eat our food, and probably soon rob our bank! I tell you, Jackson, something's got to be done!"

Jackson answers the Commissioner. "Gosh, Chief," he says, "Walters only just got into the city the other day. He wouldn't pull anything so soon!"

But Henderson shakes his head doubtfully. "I tell you, Jackson, I feel that there's trouble brewing!"

* * * *

And that's what Terry discovered over at Police Headquarters. There was a notorious thief in the neighborhood at the time of the robbery!

But still, a real detective doesn't stop until he's unearthed every clue. And so, like Terry Vance, you would visit your newspaper pal, Deadline Dawson, to discover what else you can find out.

At once, you go to Deadline's office. There, Deadline tells you that both Charlie Biswell, Mr. Carter's secretary, and Jack Walters, the notorious thief, have been arrested on suspicion of robbing the Carter Bank!

And there you are. You've learned about two conversations, you've heard the President of the Carter Bank refuse a loan to Biswell, and you've heard the Commissioner of Police tell about Jake Walters. Of course, there's also the chance that someone else may have been the actual robber. It might have been the night watchman, Hi Smithers or almost anybody!

So, after learning all you can about the incidents before the robbery, you do the actual detective work. You sit down and THINK THE CASE OUT! *Try to imagine "what the motives were for the robbery?", "who was best suited to commit the robbery?" and anything else you can think of. Piece all the little clues together and see what you can make of them.*

Go ahead and do your "detecting", pals—and don't read on until you've selected the person whom you believe to be the robber from all the clues presented you.

* * * *

HERE it is! Terry Vance managed to select the robber after 10 minutes of concentrating upon the facts of the case. And Terry was right! His choice was . . . But, first, who do you think did it? Write it down here, and now!

Now read the solution by Terry Vance!

This is the way that Terry arrived at his solution. First, he needed a motive. Well, hadn't the bank president himself told Biswell that he had been short of funds? Next, he needed to eliminate some of the suspects—and he did it like this: First, there was Jake Walters, the robber. Terry credited Jake with having some sense. Surely, he wouldn't rob a bank when the police knew that he was in town and would be sure to suspect him. And besides, the robber didn't speak at all to the watchman—indicating that he was someone whose voice would be recognized by the watchman—and Jake Walters was unknown to Smithers.

Then there was Biswell, himself. He had a motive and might have committed the robbery except for one thing. The robber had managed to break into the side entrance of the bank and then open the vault door. Now Biswell had been a secretary, not a thief. Terry was sure Biswell couldn't possibly have opened the vault without a key, and there was no key to the vault except the one which Carter kept with him at all times!

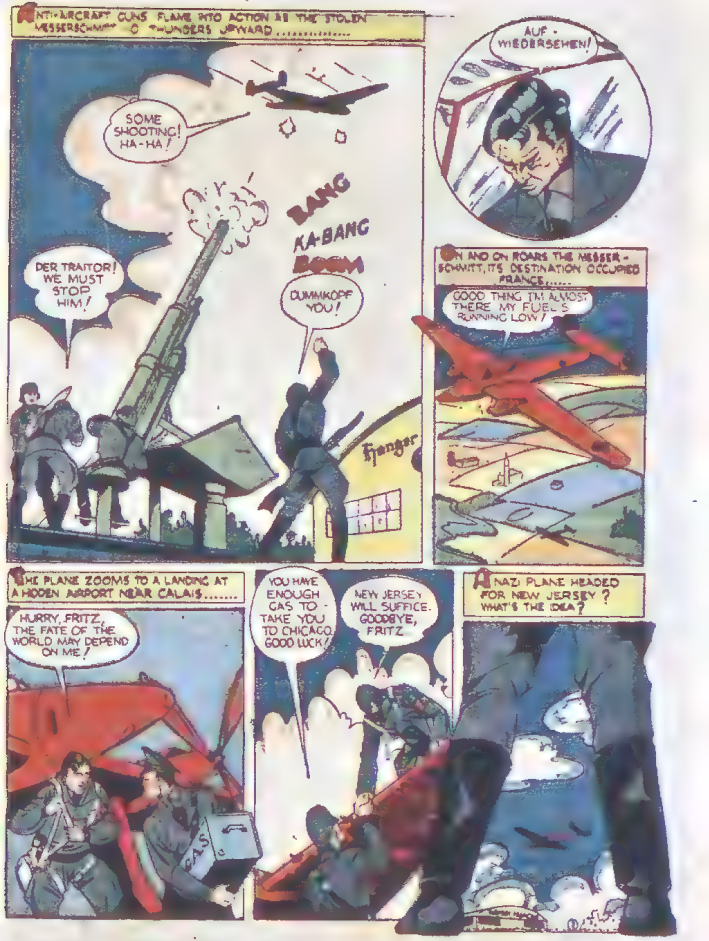
Therefore, piecing all those little scraps of evidence together, Terry was able to solve the crime in 10 minutes! The guilty one was—Lemuel Carter, the Bank President himself! How long did it take you?

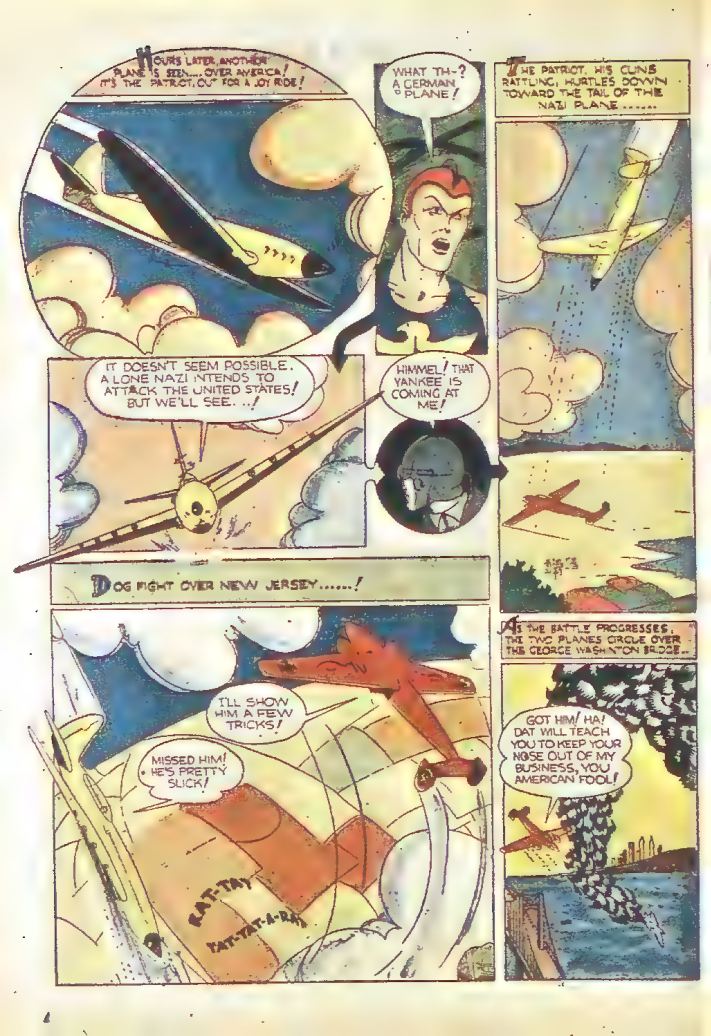
* * * *

P.S. If you like these mysteries and would want to read more of them, write to Terry and let him know. Until next month, then, "so long!"

THE END

THE PATRIOT
OUT OF THE SKY DROPPED THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR—HIS PLANE RIDDLED BY THE PATRIOT.....AND WHEN HE LANDED THE WHOLE WORLD ASKED ONE QUESTION!
WHY DO HITLER'S RIGHT-HAND MAN FLY TO AMERICA?
THE STRANGEST STORY OF WORLD WAR TWO STARTS AT A NAZI AIRPORT.....
STOP! DER FUEHRER SAID YOU MUST NOT FLY ANYMORE!
SORRY! I MUST DISOBEY THAT ORDER!


ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS FLAME INTO ACTION AS THE STOLEN MESSERSCHMITT © THUNDERS SKYWARD.....
SOME SHOOTING! HA-HA!
BANG
KA-BANG
BOOM
DUMMKOPF YOU!
DER TRAITOR! WE MUST STOP HIM!
Hangar
AUF WIEDERSEHEN!
ON AND ON ROARS THE MESSERSCHMITT, ITS DESTINATION OCCUPIED FRANCE.....
GOOD THING I'M ALMOST THERE MY FUEL'S RUNNING LOW!
THE PLANE ZOOMS TO A LANDING AT A HIDDEN AIRPORT NEAR CALAIS.....
HURRY, FRITZ, THE FATE OF THE WORLD MAY DEPEND ON ME!
GAS!
YOU HAVE ENOUGH GAS TO TAKE YOU TO CHICAGO. GOOD LUCK!
NEW JERSEY WILL SUFFICE. GOODBYE, FRITZ
A NAZI PLANE HEADED FOR NEW JERSEY? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

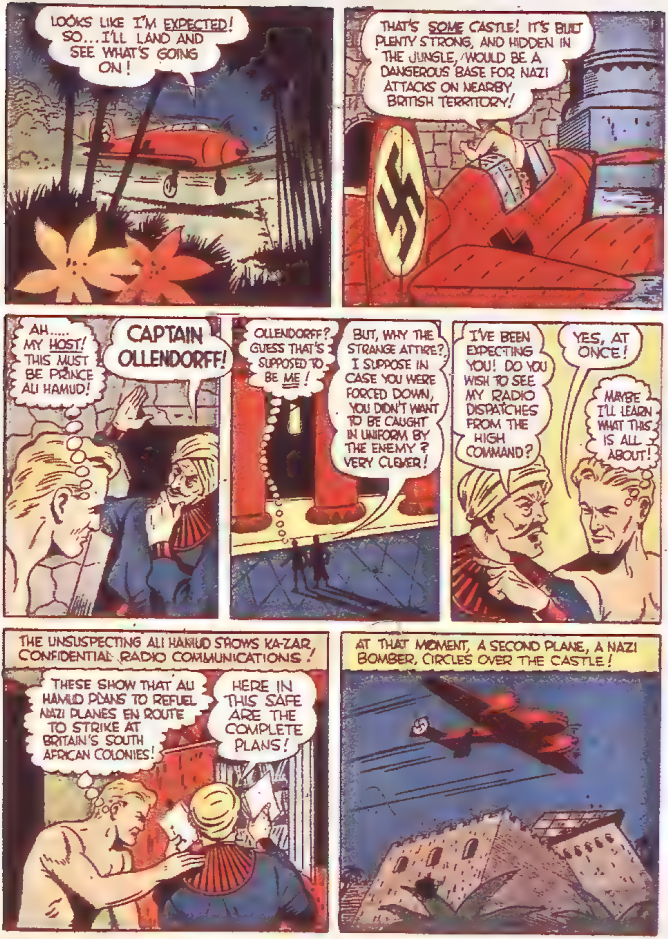

HOURS LATER, ANOTHER PLANE IS SEEN..... OVER AMERICA! IT'S THE "PATRIOT, CV" FOR A JOY RIDE!
WHAT TH-? A GERMAN PLANE!
THE PATRIOT, HIS GUNS RATTLING, HURTLES DOWN TOWARD THE TAIL OF THE NAZI PLANE.....
IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE. A LONE NAZI INTENDS TO ATTACK THE UNITED STATES! BUT WE'LL SEE...!
HIMMEL! THAT YANKEE IS COMING AT ME!
DOG FIGHT OVER NEW JERSEY.....!
AS THE BATTLE PROGRESSES, THE TWO PLANES CIRCLE OVER THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE...
I'LL SHOW HIM A FEW TRICKS!
MISSED HIM! HE'S PRETTY SLICK!
RAT-TAT TAT-TAT-A-RAT
GOT HIM! HA! DAT WILL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF MY BUSINESS, YOU AMERICAN FOOL!

LOOKS LIKE MY PLANE'S A GONER... BUT I'M NOT LICKED YET!
FIGHTING TO KEEP THE FLAMES OUT OF THE COCKPIT, THE PATRIOT GETS BACK ON THE TAIL OF THE NAZI PLANE. IT'S IN HIS RING SIGHT.....
THE PATRIOT SCORES A HIT...../ LEAVING SMOKE AND FLAME IN ITS WAKE, THE NAZI PLANE PLUNGES LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD WHILE THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS WATCH FROM ROOFTOPS.....
THE GERMAN BAILS OUT... AND SO DOES THE PATRIOT.....
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
?
MUSN'T FORGET TO PULL THE RIP-CORD!
YEOW!
CLINGING TO THE NAZI, THE PATRIOT DESCENDS, LANDING ON A NEW JERSEY ESTATE.
START TALKING! WHO ARE YOU!
I AM HERR HUSS, DEPUTY TO DER FUEHRER! I WANT TO SAVE HUMANITY!
I HAFE COME TO SEE JOHN GARRETT A FRIEND OF MINE. THIS MAP SHOWS WHERE HE LIVES.
NEW JERSEY
GARRETT
GARRETT THE MILLIONAIRE/ I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM AND GET YOUR LEG PATCHED UP.
YAH/ PLEEZE HURRY IT PAINS ME.
THIS IS HERR HUSS, A PAL OF HITLER. HE CAME TO SEE YOUR BOSS!
OH/ COME IN....

THEY ARE USHERED BEFORE GARRETT. HUSS WOUND & BANDAGED AND.....
NOW, HUSS, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
I FLED GERMANY BECAUSE I WAS MARKED FOR DEATH!
HITLER IS A WARMONGER. HIS PEOPLE DO NOT WANT THIS WAR.
I HOPED TO SEE YOUR PRIME MINISTER. I THOUGHT PEACE MIGHT BE ARRANGED BETWEEN BRITAIN AND GERMANY.
THE PATRIOT TURNS TO GARRETT'S BUTLER.
I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR PHONE.
COME.
CONSOLIDATED PRESS? LET ME SPEAK TO CASEY!
THE PATRIOT! SO YOU'RE THE GUY WHO KNOCKED DOWN THAT NAZI PLANE! WE JUST GOT A FLASH FROM BERLIN....
THE NAZI PARTY SAYS THAT HUSS, APPARENTLY INSANE, FLED GERMANY TO BRING ABOUT PEACE. THEY DENY HITLER AUTHORIZED HIM TO GO!
WOULD YOU BE SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT THE GUY IN THAT PLANE WAS HUSS?
WOULD I? WHAT A YARN! WHERE'VE YOU GOT HIM?
JUST AS PATRIOT IS ABOUT TO DISCLOSE HIS WHEREABOUTS...
GARRETT'S BUTLER SNEAKS BEHIND HIM...
KNOCK!
WANT TO PLAY EH? OKAY, I'LL PLAY!
OH OUCH!
GARRETT APPEARS...
A SHOT! SOMEONE HUNG UP. THE PATRIOT'S IN A JAM!
CLICK
AHHG
UH
AND NOW HE'S IN A JAM! DOES HE GET OUT OF IT? WHERE DOES HUSS COME IN? THE ANSWER TO THESE QUESTIONS IS REVEALED IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF THE PATRIOT.

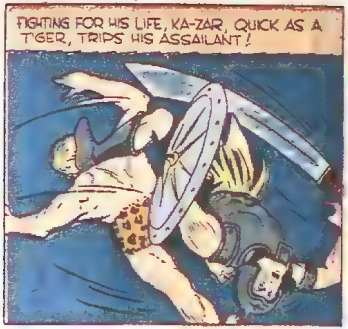
ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
SINGLE-HANDED, KA-ZAR HAS DESTROYED A POWERFUL NAZI AND FASCIST BASE IN HIS AFRICAN JUNGLE HOMELAND! IN A CAPTURED NAZI PLANE, HE IS WINGING HIS WAY BACK OVER THE DENSE CONGO FOREST, WHEN.....
I'VE NEVER VISITED THIS SECTION OF THE JUNGLE BEFORE.... .....SAY, WHAT'S THAT ?
HIS ATTENTION IS RIVETED TO A CLEARING IN THE FOREST.....
LOOKS LIKE A STONE CASTLE... OR FORT!
MUST BE THE STRONGHOLD OF ALI HAMUD!

KA-ZAR RECALLS THAT THE AFRICAN NATIVES TELL OF AN ARAB PRINCE WHO HAD COME TO THE JUNGLE A FEW YEARS BEFORE.....
BRING THE CAPTAIN OF MY GUARDS HERE!
YES, MASTER!
BECAUSE OF HIS CRUEL AND INHUMAN TREATMENT OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, PRINCE ALI HAMUD WAS SO HATED HE HAD TO SEEK REFUGE IN THE JUNGLE!
I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS PLACE...WE'LL LOCATE HERE!
AND I WILL SEND ARMED MEN TO THE FOREST TO CAPTURE NATIVES TO WORK AS SLAVES BUILDING YOUR CASTLE!
I'LL BUILD THIS CASTLE SO STRONG THAT NONE OF MY ENEMIES CAN REACH ME!
IT IS THIS HIDEAWAY OF THE RUTHLESS ALI HAMUD THAT KA-ZAR HAS FOUND! FOR MANY YEARS THE PRINCE HAS LIVED IN HIS PALATIAL DWELLING, SURROUNDED BY SCORES OF SLAVES!
KA-ZAR MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
THERE'S A CLEARED SPOT..I'M SURE IT WASN'T THERE A MOMENT AGO!
GROUPS OF TREES ARE BEING MOVED ASIDE....EXPOSING A CAMOUFLAGED LANDING FIELD!
?
A NAZI SWASTIKA IS RUN UP ON A TALL FLAGPOLE!
I SEE IT NOW! THE NAZI MARKINGS ON THIS PLANE HAVE BEEN SEEN.... AND, I'VE STUMBLED ONTO FIFTH COLUMNISTS IN THE JUNGLE!


LOOKS LIKE I'M EXPECTED! SO...I'LL LAND AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!
THAT'S SOME CASTLE! IT'S BUILT PLENTY STRONG, AND HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE, WOULD BE A DANGEROUS BASE FOR NAZI ATTACKS ON NEARBY BRITISH TERRITORY!
AH..... MY HOST! THIS MUST BE PRINCE ALI HAMUD!
CAPTAIN OLLENDORFF!
OLLENDORFF? GUESS THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME!
BUT, WHY THE STRANGE ATTIRE? I SUPPOSE IN CASE YOU WERE FORCED DOWN, YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN UNIFORM BY THE ENEMY? VERY CLEVER!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU! DO YOU WISH TO SEE MY RADIO DISPATCHES FROM THE HIGH COMMAND?
YES, AT ONCE!
MAYBE I'LL LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
THE UNSUSPECTING ALI HAMUD SHOWS KA-ZAR CONFIDENTIAL RADIO COMMUNICATIONS!
THESE SHOW THAT ALI HAMUD PLANS TO REFUEL NAZI PLANES EN ROUTE TO STRIKE AT BRITAIN'S SOUTH AFRICAN COLONIES!
HERE IN THIS SAFE ARE THE COMPLETE PLANS!
AT THAT MOMENT, A SECOND PLANE, A NAZI BOMBER, CIRCLES OVER THE CASTLE!

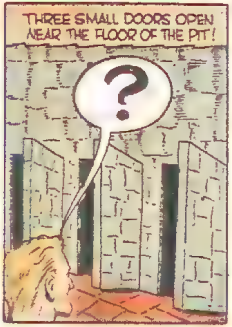
THE PRINCE SEES THE BOMBER!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SECOND PLANE WITH YOU!
SECOND? OH... ER..R.R.. YES!
I'M LIABLE TO BE IN TROUBLE PRETTY SOON!
A SERVANT APPEARS!
MASTER, HERE'S RADIO MESSAGE FROM PLANE!
WHAT ....? THIS IS FROM OLLENDORFF! THEN.. YOU AREN'T.....
NO, I'M NOT OLLENDORFF!
HELP!
BEFORE KA-ZAR CAN ESCAPE, A HUGE GUARD POUNCES ON HIM FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN!
WHAT TH'...
DON'T KILL HIM! I WILL DEAL WITH HIM LATER! TOSS HIM IN THE PIT! I'LL MAKE THE DOG WISH HE HAD NEVER BEEN BORN!
HATCHET MAN, EH?
KA-ZAR IS THROWN INTO A STONE PIT!

CAPTAIN OLLENDORFF MEETS ALI HAMUD!
WHAT'S THIS OTHER PLANE DOING HERE?
A SPY FLEW IT HERE! WE HAVE CAPTURED HIM!
SPY? LET ME SEE HIM!
THAT'S KA-ZAR! WE NAZIS HAVE A PRICE ON HIS HEAD!
WELL, HERE I AM....WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
LET ME SHOOT HIM!
STOP! I HAVE A BETTER PLAN!
THE PRINCE WHISPERS TO ONE OF HIS SERVANTS.....
IN A FEW MINUTES WE WILL SEE A VERY ENTERTAINING SIGHT!
IN THE PIT, A STONE DOOR OPENS AND A GIANT, CLAD IN ANCIENT ARMOR, STEPS OUT!
I'M PROBABLY SUPPOSED TO FIGHT HIM!
HIS GREAT SWORD FLASHES THROUGH THE AIR, BUT KA-ZAR NIMBLY DODGES THE BLADE!


FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, KA-ZAR, QUICK AS A TIGER, TRIPS HIS ASSAILANT!

HE PLUNGES HIS OWN SMALL DAGGER INTO THE GIANT'S NECK!

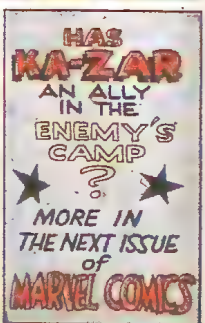
WILD WITH RAGE, ALI HAMUD BELLOWS A SHARP ORDER..
SET THE LEOPARDS UPON HIM!


THREE SMALL DOORS OPEN NEAR THE FLOOR OF THE PIT!
?

OUT OF EACH OPENING STEPS A FEROCIOUS LEOPARD!

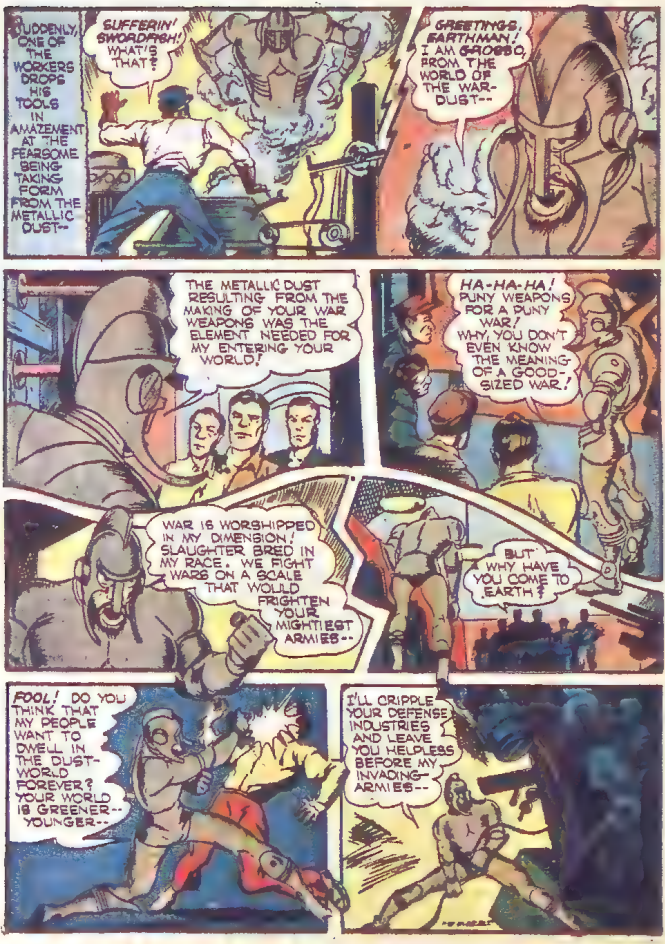
THE BEASTS LEAP AT KA-ZAR!
I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL NOW!

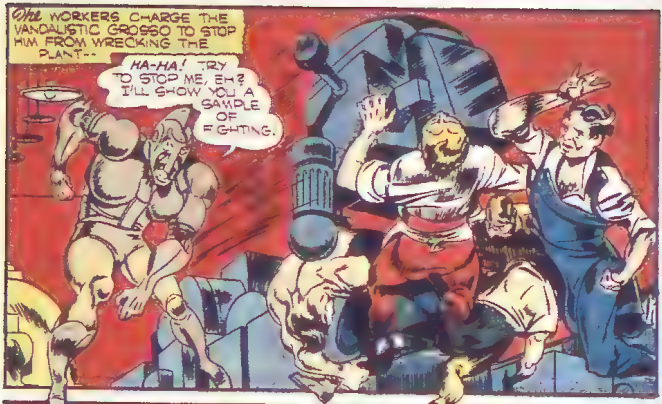
A FLAGSTONE ON THE FLOOR TILTS SLOWLY AND A HAND REACHES FOR KA-ZAR'S LEG!

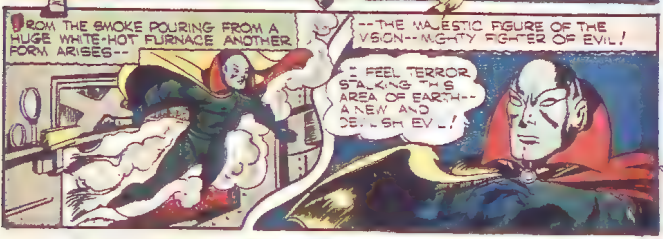

HAS KA-ZAR AN ALLY IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP ?
MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE of MARVEL COMICS

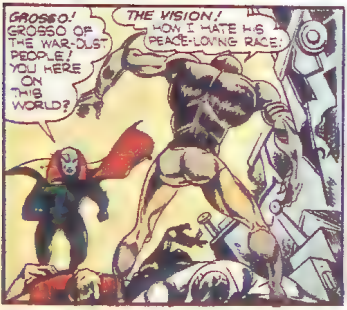
The VISION

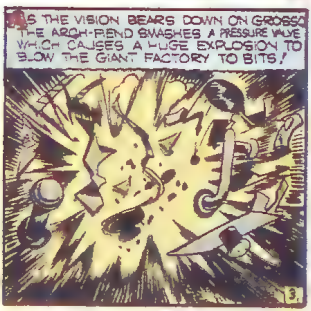
THE MIGHTY VISION GIVES BATTLE TO GROSSO OF THE WAR-DUST WORLD WHO SEEKS TO DESTROY AMERICA'S NATIONAL DEFENSE INDUSTRIES WHICH ARE THE LIFE-BLOOD OF OUR ARMING DEMOCRACY---
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE COLMAN ARMS FACTORY WHERE AMERICAN WORKERS FEVERISHLY RUSH PRODUCTION


SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE WORKERS DROPS HIS TOOLS IN AMAZEMENT AT THE FEARSOME BEING TAKING FORM FROM THE METALLIC DUST--
SUFFERIN' SWORDFISH! WHAT'S THAT?
GREETINGS, EARTHMAN! I AM GROBBO, FROM THE WORLD OF THE WAR-DUST--
THE METALLIC DUST RESULTING FROM THE MAKING OF YOUR WAR WEAPONS WAS THE ELEMENT NEEDED FOR MY ENTERING YOUR WORLD!
HA-HA-HA! PUNY WEAPONS FOR A PUNY WAR! WHY YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF A GOOD-SIZED WAR!
WAR IS WORSHIPPED IN MY DIMENSION! SLAUGHTER BRED IN MY RACE. WE FIGHT WARS ON A SCALE THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN YOUR MIGHTIEST ARMIES--
BUT WHY HAVE YOU COME TO EARTH?
FOOL! DO YOU THINK THAT MY PEOPLE WANT TO DWELL IN THE DUST-WORLD FOREVER? YOUR WORLD IS GREENER-- YOUNGER--
I'LL CRIPPLE YOUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES AND LEAVE YOU HELPLESS BEFORE MY INVADING ARMIES--

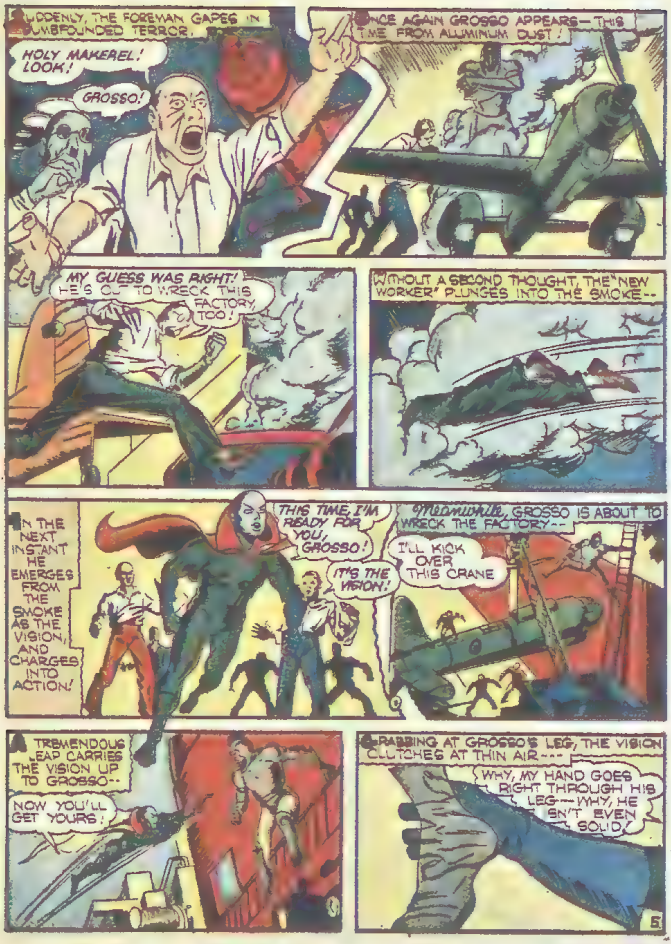

THE WORKERS CHARGE THE VANDALISTIC GROSSO TO STOP HIM FROM WRECKING THE PLANT--
HA-HA! TRY TO STOP ME, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU A SAMPLE OF FIGHTING.

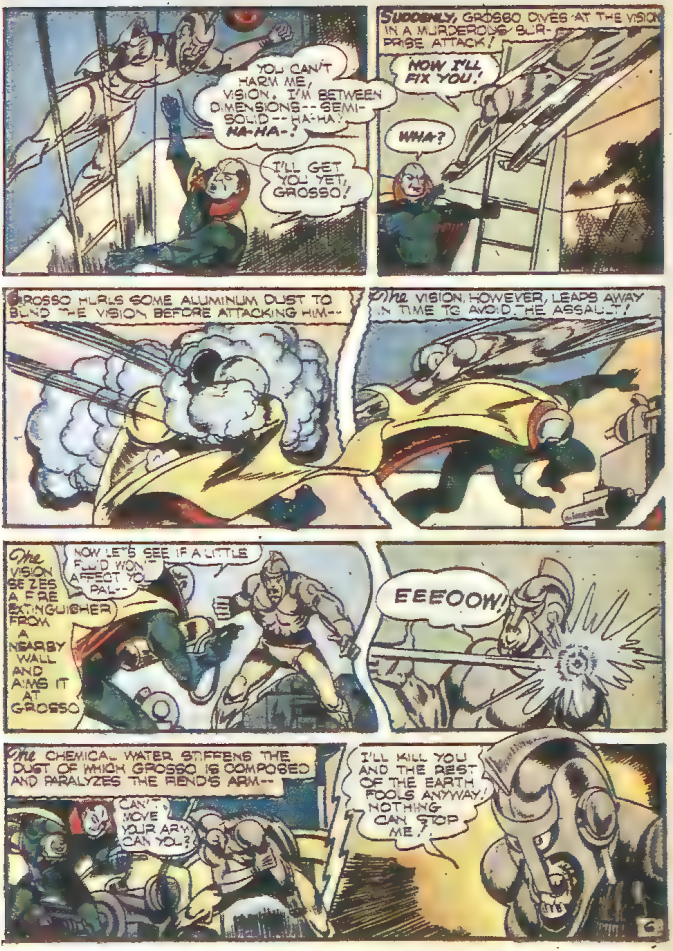

FROM THE SMOKE POURING FROM A HUGE WHITE-HOT FURNACE ANOTHER FORM ARISES--
--THE MAJESTIC FIGURE OF THE VISION--MIGHTY FIGHTER OF EVIL!
I FEEL TERROR STALKING THIS AREA OF EARTH--A NEW AND DEVILISH EVIL!

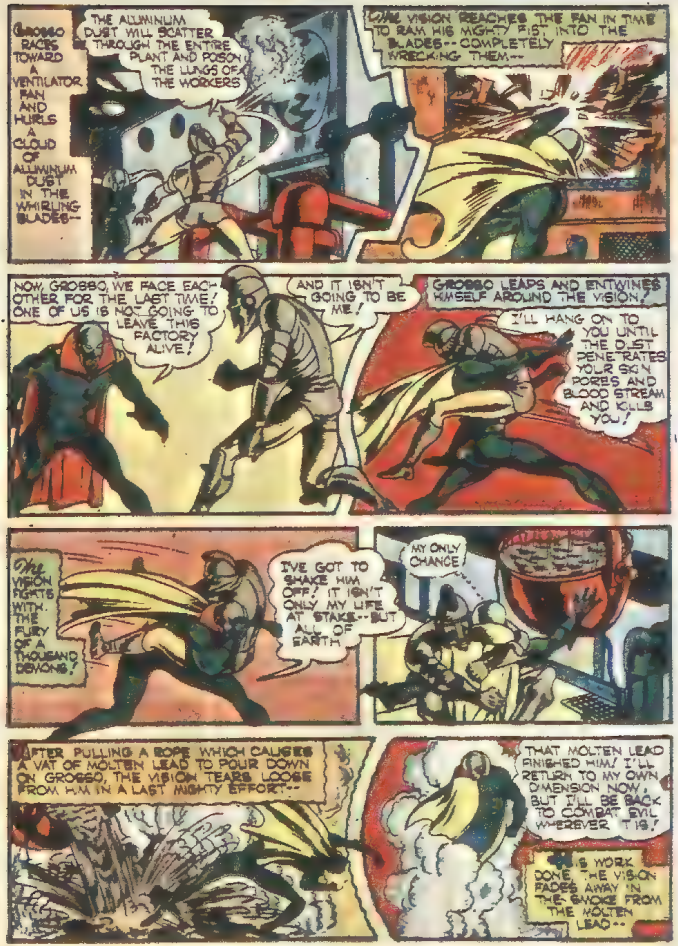

GROSSO! GROSSO OF THE WAR-DUST PEOPLE! YOU HERE ON THIS WORLD?
THE VISION! HOW I HATE HIS PEACE-LOVING RACE!


AS THE VISION BEARS DOWN ON GROSSO THE ARCH-FIEND SMASHES A PRESSURE VALVE WHICH CAUSES A HUGE EXPLOSION TO BLOW THE GIANT FACTORY TO BITS!
3

HA-HA-HA-HA !!! THE FACTORY AND ALL ITS WORKERS DESTROYED! --AND THE V'S ON TOO--I HOPE
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A BLAST LIKE THAT TO DENT MY ARMOR! NOW TO FIND MORE FACTORIES TO DEMOLISH. THERE IS NO ONE TO STOP ME-- NO ONE!
BUT FROM THE SMOKE OF THE SMOLDERING RUINS ARISES THE VISION--MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER TO CRUSH THE EVIL GROSSO
THE MURDEROUS DEVIL! I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL I'VE CAUGHT HIM AND WIPED HIM FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A CITY STREET THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE VISION, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, CONCEIVES A DARING PLAN
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO TRAP THAT MONSTER
THIS IS THE LARGEST FACTORY AROUND HERE. IT'S CERTAIN TO BE NEXT ON GROSSO'S LIST.
KING AIRPLANE FACTORY
INSIDE THE HUGE PLANT, THE VISION APPLIES FOR A JOB--
YES, I COULD USE AN EXPERIENCED MAN. BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR FACE?
I WAS IN THE COLLMAN FACTORY DISASTER. MY FACE WAS DISFIGURED IN THE BLAST. THAT'S WHY I WEAR THIS FIBROUS MASK AND GLASSES
WELL, I GUESS YOU'RE OKAY. HERE IS OUR PRODUCTION LINE. I GUARANTEE YOU THERE'LL BE NO ACCIDENTS IN THIS FACTORY!
I WISH I WAS AS SURE OF THAT FACT AS YOU ARE


SUDDENLY, THE FOREMAN GAPES IN DUMBFOUNDED TERROR.
HOLY MAKEREL! LOOK!
GROSSO!
ONCE AGAIN GROSSO APPEARS—THIS TIME FROM ALUMINUM DUST!
MY GUESS WAS RIGHT! HE'S OUT TO WRECK THIS FACTORY TOO!
WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE "NEW WORKER" PLUNGES INTO THE SMOKE--
IN THE NEXT INSTANT HE EMERGES FROM THE SMOKE AS THE VISION, AND CHARGES INTO ACTION!
THIS TIME, I'M READY FOR YOU, GROSSO!
IT'S THE VISION!
MEANWHILE, GROSSO IS ABOUT TO WRECK THE FACTORY--
I'LL KICK OVER THIS CRANE
TREMENDOUS HEAD CARRIES THE VISION UP TO GROSSO--
NOW YOU'LL GET YOURS!
GRABBING AT GROSSO'S LEG, THE VISION CLUTCHES AT THIN AIR---
WHY, MY HAND GOES RIGHT THROUGH HIS LEG---WHY, HE ISN'T EVEN SOLID!
5


YOU CAN'T HARM ME, VISION . I'M BETWEEN DIMENSIONS--SEMI-SOLID--HA-HA-HA-HA-!
I'LL GET YOU YET, GROSSO!
SUDDENLY, GROSSO DIVES AT THE VISION IN A MURDEROUS SUR-PRISE ATTACK!
NOW I'LL FIX YOU!
WHA?
GROSSO HURLS SOME ALUMINUM DUST TO BLIND THE VISION BEFORE ATTACKING HIM--
THE VISION, HOWEVER, LEAPS AWAY IN TIME TO AVOID THE ASSAULT!
THE VISION SEIZES A FIRE EXTINGUISHER FROM A NEARBY WALL AND AIMS IT AT GROSSO
NOW LET'S SEE IF A LITTLE FLUID WON'T AFFECT YOU, PAL--
EEEOOW!
THE CHEMICAL WATER STIFFENS THE DUST OF WHICH GROSSO IS COMPOSED AND PARALYZES THE FIEND'S ARM--
CAN'T MOVE YOUR ARM, CAN YOU?
I'LL KILL YOU AND THE REST OF THE EARTH FOOLS ANYWAY! NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
6


GROSSO RACES TOWARD A VENTILATOR FAN AND HURLS A CLOUD OF ALUMINUM DUST IN THE WHIRLING BLADES--
THE ALUMINUM DUST WILL SCATTER THROUGH THE ENTIRE PLANT AND POISON THE LUNGS OF THE WORKERS
THE VISION REACHES THE FAN IN TIME TO RAM HIS MIGHTY FIST INTO THE BLADES--COMPLETELY WRECKING THEM--
NOW, GROSSO, WE FACE EACH OTHER FOR THE LAST TIME! ONE OF US IS NOT GOING TO LEAVE THIS FACTORY ALIVE!
AND IT ISN'T GOING TO BE ME!
GROSSO LEAPS AND ENTWINES HIMSELF AROUND THE VISION!
I'LL HANG ON TO YOU UNTIL THE DUST PENETRATES YOUR SKIN PORES AND BLOOD STREAM AND KILLS YOU!
THE VISION FIGHTS WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND DEMONS!
I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM OFF! IT ISN'T ONLY MY LIFE AT STAKE--BUT ALL OF EARTH!
MY ONLY CHANCE!
AFTER PULLING A ROPE WHICH CAUSES A VAT OF MOLTEN LEAD TO POUR DOWN ON GROSSO, THE VISION TEARS LOOSE FROM HIM IN A LAST MIGHTY EFFORT--
THAT MOLTEN LEAD FINISHED HIM! I'LL RETURN TO MY OWN DIMENSION NOW--BUT I'LL BE BACK TO COMBAT EVIL WHEREVER IT IS!
HIS WORK DONE, THE VISION FADES AWAY IN THE SMOKE FROM THE MOLTEN LEAD--

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
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The ANGEL

SOME MEN HELD UP BANKS, AND OTHERS KIDNAPPED CHILDREN. BUT THE TERR'BLE LOOT OF DR. HYDE WAS EYES— HUMAN EYES !!! YES.....AND HE MIGHT HAVE GONE ON WITH HIS GRISLY RACKET IF THE ANGEL HAD NOT MISLAID A CIGARETTE CASE!

THE MYSTERY OPENS AT THE HOME OF BLAKELY, THE PLAYWRIGHT...

AIE-EEE!

MY EYES! THEY'RE GONE!

WHAT'S WRONG, MR. BLAKELY?

A FEW WEEKS LATER BLAKELY IS BACK AT WORK HIS EYES RESTORED.. WHAT HAPPENED?

STUDIO PARTY AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF KEENE, FAMOUS ARTIST. ANGEL IS ONE OF THE GUESTS...

GREAT SCOTT! HERE'S A STORY ABOUT BLAKELY LOSING HIS EYES AND LATER RECOVERING THEM!

PROBABLY JUST A RUMOR!

UGH! I HOPE SO! IT MUST BE AN AWFUL THING FOR A WRITER OR AN ARTIST TO LOSE HIS EYES. I'D RATHER DIE!

THE NIGHT WEARS ON, THE PARTY ENDS AND THE GUESTS DEPART...

KEENE RETIRES... A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WINDOW OPENS...

AH! HE'S ALL ALONE!

...A MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER ENTERS...

THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR, WEARING A SURGEON'S SMOCK AND A MASK, PASSES HIS FINGERS OVER KEEN'S FACE ---

EASY DOES IT!

THEN...

SUDDENLY THE HAND JERKS BACK... AND--

HAH! HAH! I'VE GOT THEM! HEAR HIM YELL!

MY EYES! MY EYES!! I'VE LOST MY EYES!

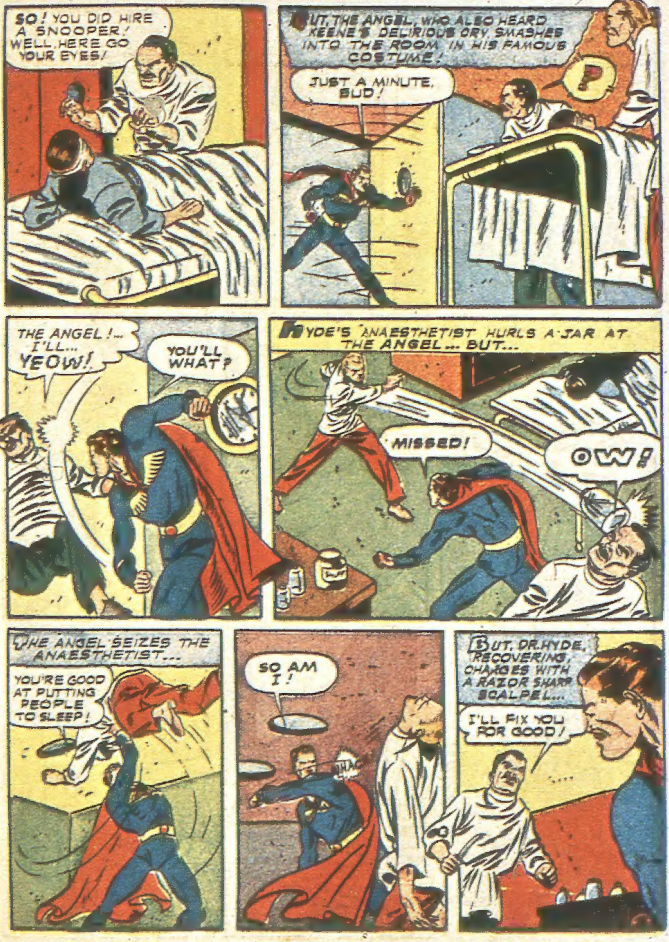
With A LOW CHUCKLE, THE FIEND LEAVES...
POOR FELLOW: HAH! HAH!
HEAR HIM SCREECH! HE CAN'T TAKE IT!
Meanwhile..
I WOULD FORGET MY CIGARETTE CASE.... HOPE KEENE HAS NOT GONE TO BED YET
BUT ANGEL... KEENE IS NOT SLEEPING!
HELP
OFF WITH THE MONKEY SUIT AND CLEAR FOR ACTION!
WHAT HORRIBLE SCREAMING! SAY! WHAT'S THAT MAN IN THE SURGEON'S OUTFIT DOING UP THERE?
SWIFTLY HE CLIMBS THE WALL....
OUT OF THE WAY... OR...
YEOW!
OR WHAT?
TOO BAD I DIDN'T GET A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR EYES
WOW! I'M FALLING!
BUT... THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER RETALIATES WITH A CLAWING HAND!

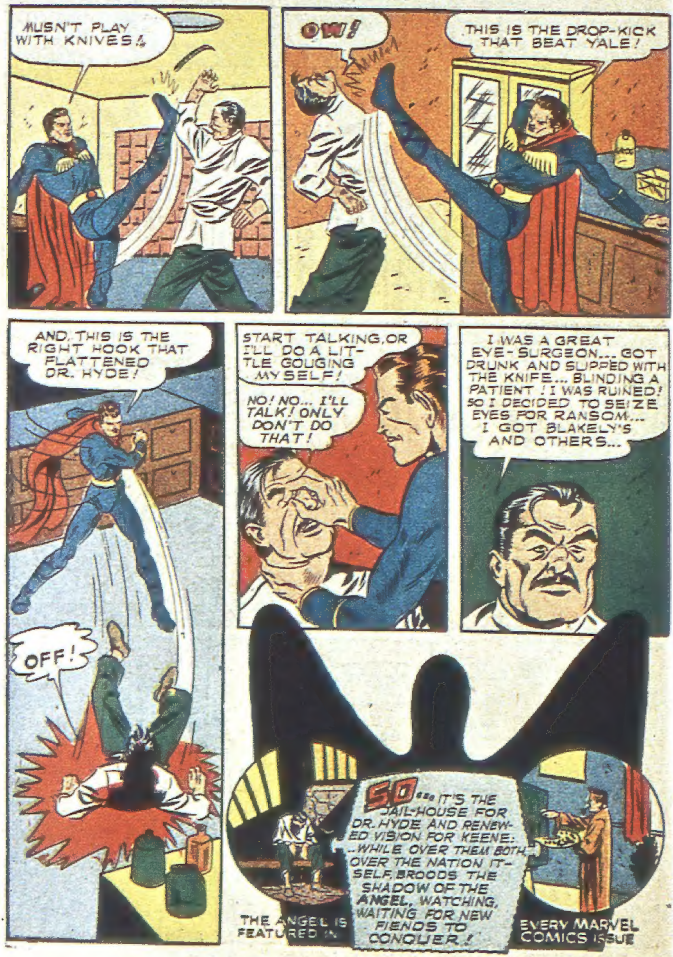
THE ANGEL LANDS IN A BUSH.
OOMPH!
HIS ASSAILANT DESCENDS JUMPS INTO A CAR...
THAT COSTUME SHOWS HE'S THE ANGEL! LOOKED LIKE A FALLEN ANGEL TO ME. HAH! HAH!
HEAD REELING... THE ANGEL STAGGERS TO HIS FEET!
AIEEE!
SAY! THAT GUY'S GONE!...I'D BETTER HURRY INTO THE HOUSE AND FIND OUT WHAT THE SCREAMING IS ALL ABOUT!
RUSHING INTO THE HOUSE, HE BEHOLDS...
?
YAH! YAH!
YAH!
YAH!
MY EYES! YAH!
MAD WITH PAIN THE ARTIST RACES BACK AND FORTH, BUTTING INTO THE WALLS, KNOCKING DOWN FURNITURE LIKE A BULL IN A CHINA CLOSET!
HIS WILDLY GROPING FINGERS FIND A KNIFE!
AH! DEATH'S BETTER THAN BLINDNESS!
DON'T BE A "SAP, KEENE!
UNCONSCIOUS! AT LEAST HE WON'T FEEL ANY PAIN FOR A WHILE! NOW TO LOOK AROUND!

THE ANGEL SEARCHES THE ROOM FOR A CLUE...
WHAT'S THIS...? A NOTE!
Dear Mr Keene, Your eyesight will be restored to you on payment of $150,000. I will operate... DO NOT TELL POLICE... or you will never see again. Have a trusted friend consult Dispatch classified ad section tomorrow for instructions. Mr Hyde!
AN EYE KIDNAPPER! CLEVER... IF IT WORKS!
SCIENCE HAS MADE GREAT STRIDES! MAYBE HE CAN RESTORE KEENE'S EYES! I RECALL A WOMAN WHO GOT HER SIGHT BACK WITH THE EYES OF A CONDEMNED MAN!
THE ANGEL SEES KEENE RISE...
BRACE UP OLD MAN!
HE READS THE NOTE TO THE ARTIST...
SO LET'S PLAY BALL WITH HIM!
THEN MY SIGHT CAN BE RESTORED. NOT BEING ABLE TO SEE A SUNSET OR PAINT A FINE PICTURE WOULD BE UNBEARABLE!
REALLY! DON'T LET HYDE KNOW YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL OR I'LL NEVER GET MY EYES BACK!
BY THE WAY... YOU KNOW MY REAL NAME... BUT YOU DON'T KNOW... I'M THE ANGEL...

IN ACCORDANCE WITH INSTRUCTIONS, THE DISGUISED ANGEL MEETS DR. HYDE AT AN ABANDONED MILL....
HERE'S THE MONEY... KEENE'S OUTSIDE!
YOU GET GOING, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
KEENE RIDES AWAY WITH DR. HYDE...
NOW TO OPERATE!
BUT THE WILY ANGEL HAS STREWN DYNAMITE CAPS ON THE ROAD...
WHAT THE?
G!@!?#!@&!... THE ENGINES ON THE BLINK!!
THE ANGEL APPEARS... DISGUISED AS A MECHANIC!
HAVING TROUBLE, BUD?
YES! I'LL PAY YOU WELL, IF YOU FIX THIS MOTOR FAST!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
BLOWOUT'S FIXED AND ENGINE'S OKAY... BUT BE CAREFUL—THAT MOTOR'S LIABLE TO BREAK DOWN!
SUPPOSE YOU DRIVE ME TO THE CITY?
SURE, BUD!
I LIKE THAT FELLOW! HE'S NOT NOSEY! BUT I WISH HE WOULDN'T CALL ME BUD... MAKES ME SQUIRM!

THE CAR STOPS AT A SMALL PRIVATE HOSPITAL...
YOU'RE A GOOD MECHANIC! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY CHAUFFEUR!
SURE, BUD!
THE ANGEL IS TOLD TO WAIT IN AN ANTEROOM... KEENE IS LED INTO THE OPERATING ROOM.
IF HYDE CAN RESTORE KEENE'S EYES...HE'S GOOD!
IN THE OPERATING ROOM, ON THE SHELVES ARE JARS OF DEAD MAN'S EYES!
ETHER...! MY SCALPEL!
WITH A SKILL WORTHY OF A BETTER CAUSE, THE DEFT FINGERS OF DR. HYDE DIRECT THE KNIFE... THE SLIGHTEST SLIP MAY MEAN PERMANENT BLINDNESS...OR DEATH!
NOW, THE LEFT EYE!
I'D LIKE TO SWAT HYDE ON THE SCHNOZZLE... BUT I CAN'T UNTIL KEENE'S EYESIGHT IS RESTORED!
AFTER A TENSE HOUR...
THE OPERATION WILL BE A SUCCESS!
BUT KEENE STILL UNDER THE ETHER, GOES DELIRIOUS... AT THE WRONG MOMENT!
DON'T LET HYDE KNOW YOU'RE ON HIS TRAIL! HE'LL GET MAD! HE'LL...
7


SO! YOU DID HIRE A SNOOPER! WELL, HERE GO YOUR EYES!
BUT, THE ANGEL, WHO ALSO HEARD KEENE'S DELIRIOUS CRY, SMASHES INTO THE ROOM IN HIS FAMOUS COSTUME!
JUST A MINUTE, BUD!
?
THE ANGEL!... I'LL... YEOW!
YOU'LL WHAT?
HYDE'S ANAESTHETIST HURLS A JAR AT THE ANGEL... BUT...
MISSED!
OW!
THE ANGEL SEIZES THE ANAESTHETIST...
YOU'RE GOOD AT PUTTING PEOPLE TO SLEEP!
SO AM I!
BUT, DR. HYDE, RECOVERING, CHARGES WITH A RAZOR SHARP SCALPEL...
I'LL FIX YOU FOR GOOD!


MUSN'T PLAY WITH KNIVES!
OW!
THIS IS THE DROP-KICK THAT BEAT YALE!
AND, THIS IS THE RIGHT HOOK THAT FLATTENED DR. HYDE!
OFF!
START TALKING, OR I'LL DO A LITTLE GOUGING MYSELF!
NO! NO... I'LL TALK! ONLY DON'T DO THAT!
I WAS A GREAT EYE-SURGEON... GOT DRUNK AND SLIPPED WITH THE KNIFE... BLINDING A PATIENT! I WAS RUINED! SO I DECIDED TO SEIZE EYES FOR RANSOM... I GOT BLAKELY'S AND OTHERS...
SO... IT'S THE JAIL-HOUSE FOR DR. HYDE AND RENEWED VISION FOR KEENE: ...WHILE OVER THEM BOTH OVER THE NATION ITSELF, BROODS THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL, WATCHING, WAITING FOR NEW FIENDS TO CONQUER!
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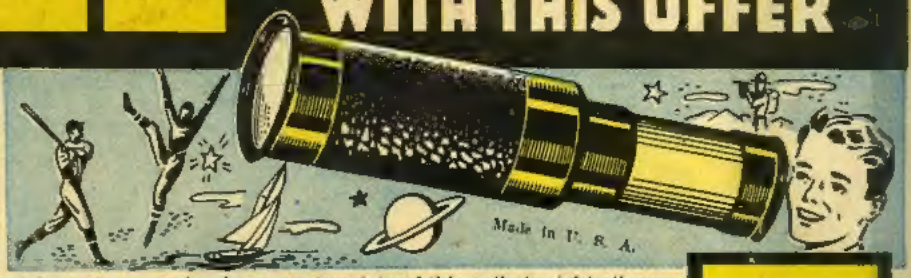

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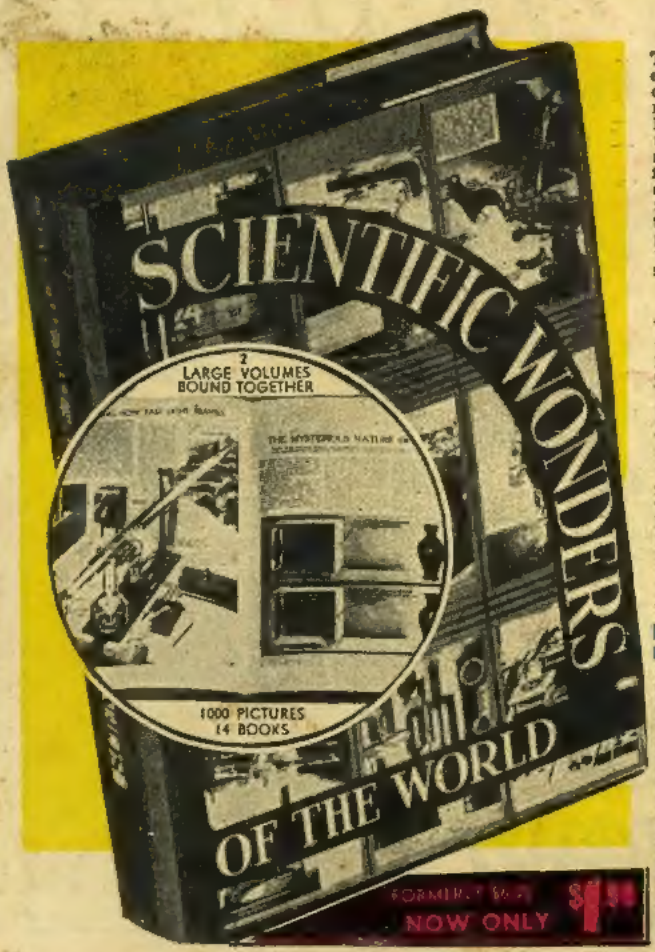

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